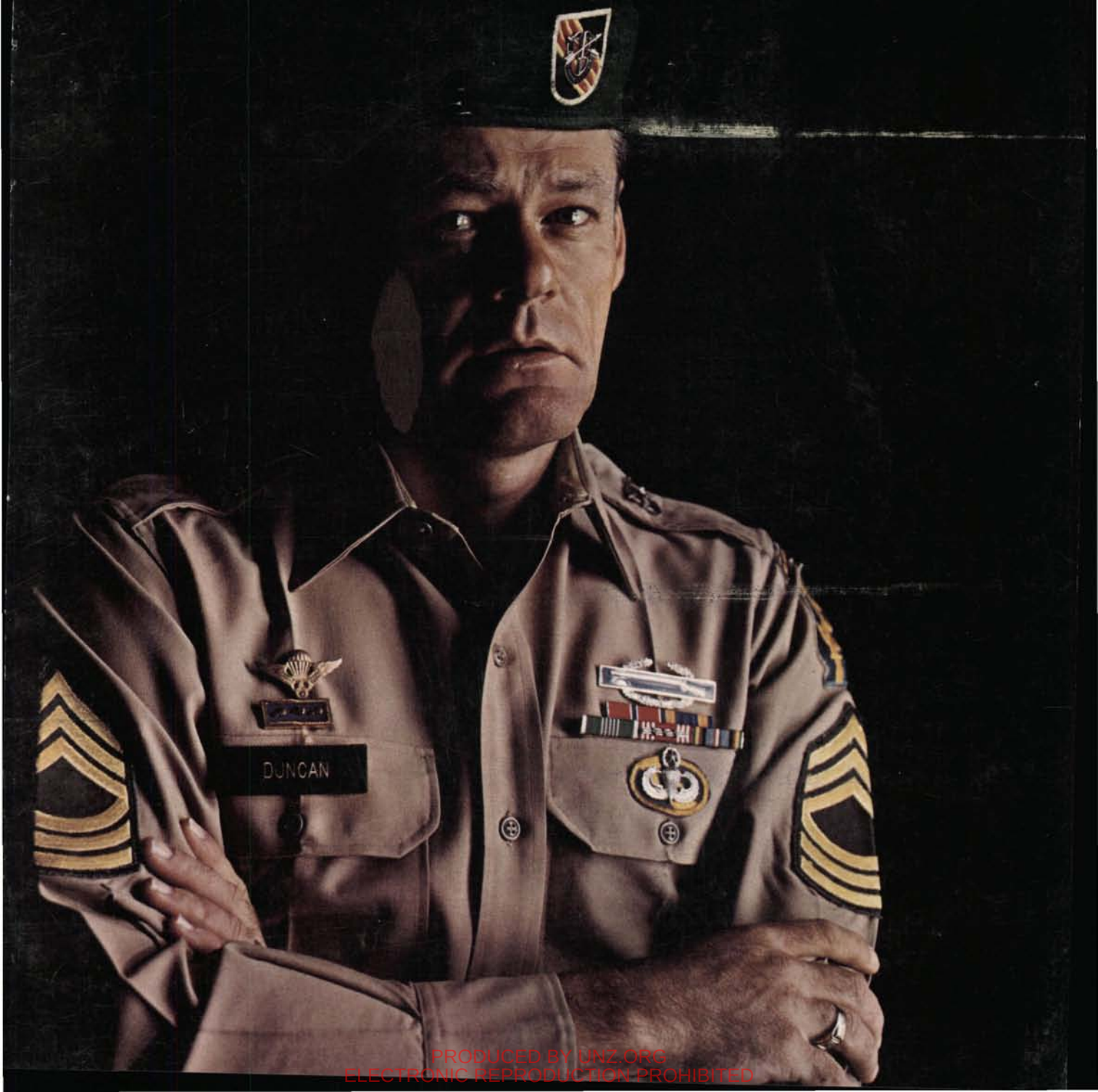
"The whole thing was a lie!" *by a Special Forces Hero*

Ramparts

February 1966 Seventy-five Cents

"I quit!"



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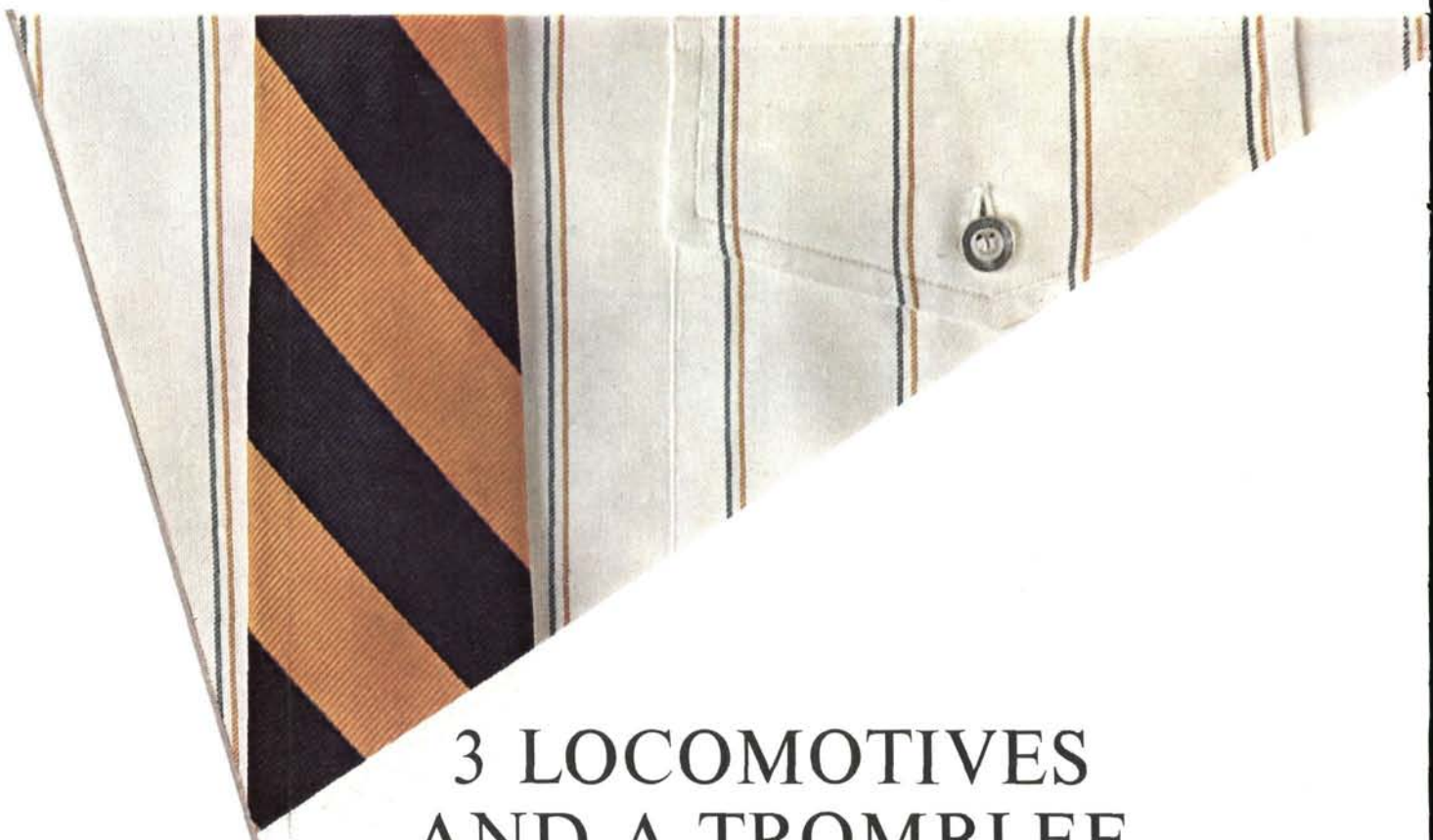

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★★★

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Ramparts

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Sorel's Bestiary **The Cardinal** *Number 1*

[*Spellmanus Bellicosus*]

The most familiar tufted redbird in the Western hemisphere, he is easily recognized by his tilted head, smiling beak and benign expression. His eyes are usually turned heavenward, in anticipation of enemy aircraft. Although possessed of a pentagon-like wanderlust, his customary nesting place is in the sparsely wooded canyons of Madison Avenue. In the fall, when his flock swoops to the polls, all species of Kingfish pay him homage but it is Tammany Warblers that the Cardinal takes under his wing. In his periodic migrations to the feeding stations along the Potomac he is always welcomed by the local Hawks who enjoy hearing him sing the praises of Franco-birds, McCarthy-birds and Diem-birds. Recent climatic changes along the Tiber have not affected his cold warble and he still migrates there from time to time to entertain Vatican bird-watchers with his lovely whistling of "Stars and Stripes Forever." The march of the doves, a recent phenomenon, has a negative effect upon him and he ruffles his feathers at the sight. Out-of-tune fledglings must become listeners or suffer banishment to some remote South American aviary. So too, those unfortunate novices who fly out of line with his right-wing formation. Although the Cardinal sanctuary is governed by local ordinances (separation of perch and state), this bird of pray does not suffer rules gladly.

Text and Illustration by Edward Sorel

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Marginalia

EDITORIALS OPINION TRAVEL ETCETERA LETTERS

torial:

THE POOR ET POORER

A tall, neatly-dressed young Negro walked into the State Service Center, opened in the Watts area of Los Angeles soon after the city lost its cool last summer. He had come to be interviewed for a job which might take him off the streets and away from the hustling by which he earned a living. In the office, he spoke with the personnel man from a large corporation, but it took only a minute or two before both of them knew that he wasn't going to be hired. And so the young man walked back out to the street. There his resentment and anger burst out again, as it had for so many Negroes last summer.

It wasn't a bad police record that kept the young Negro from being hired, for he had only one minor offense against him; nor was it a lack of education, for he was a high school graduate who had even attended college for a semester. It was his hair that kept him from the job, his hair and nothing else. He had let his hair grow out in the style known as Afro. It was high and full on his head, without having been processed to take out the kinks. Carefully groomed and cut, his Afro haircut suited his height and general features very well. But because his haircut was different, because he didn't look the way the interviewer thought someone who wanted a job should look, that young Negro will either have to cut his hair, which he won't do—"I'm black," he says, "and I'm proud of it, so I wear my hair Afro"—or go back to hustling if he wants to escape poverty.

...."so I ear my hair Afro"...

The choice of cutting his hair or not getting a job is typical of the way in which society tried to help that young Negro. It never occurred to the corporate interviewer, evidently, that the young man's pride in being black was exactly what has been demanded for so long of the Negroes. What the interviewer really wanted was for the young man to be proud of being black in the way in which the corporation thinks Negroes should demonstrate racial pride—by being counterparts of the middle-class whites who are already in its employ.

Essentially, that is what the government's War on Poverty demands, too. And as a result, very little has happened to change the conditions under which so many poor Americans still live. For all the publicity it has been given, the impact of the poverty program is minimal in relationship to the magnitude of the problem. Immediately after the events last August in Los Angeles had shaken the entire country, dozens of public and private agencies rushed into the area, with the State Service Center one of the largest operations. But, fundamentally, nothing has changed in Los Angeles: the War on Poverty became a war between Sargent Shriver and Mayor Sam Yorty over whether Yorty was going to control the anti-poverty funds or whether the poor were going to exercise an important degree of control. That war was won by Yorty, as other mayors and local politicians have won it in other cities.

... a war between Sargent Shriver and Mayor Sam Yorty ...

Initially, the anti-poverty program placed a great deal of emphasis on the notion that the poor had to be allowed an important voice in the direction of the programs which were going to be created to help them. But that concept began to be eroded once it became obvious that the exercise of their rights by the poor might have the effect of either threatening the existing constellation of forces in the community or creating a political structure which threatened the local power relationships. So the "participation of the poor" has been at a minimum in most of the programs.

... the local power relationships ...

Perhaps this was inevitable; perhaps it was unrealistic to expect the government to support the stirring up of activities which might be directed against some of its own institutions. Such an idea is foreign to the values of American life, with their insistence that before the poor can be helped, they must look and act as does the majority of the population. Great em-

Illustrations by Benedict Kocian

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phasis is placed in the Job Corps, for example, on teaching the trainees "proper" work habits so that they can become, more easily, part of the American production system. And no one in the Job Corps will learn, there, how to organize a community for political action to demand that public jobs be opened for those hundreds of thousands of people now kept from public or private employment because of police records.

. . . no one in the Job Corps will learn . . .

The fact is that the most important change now occurring in the life situation of the poor—the availability of more jobs for them—has come not because of the War on Poverty but because of the war in Vietnam. Indeed, the country is spending approximately $50 billion annually on its defense budget, as compared to $1.5 billion for the War on Poverty. And not all of the $1.5 billion has yet been spent, nor may it ever be.

It is conceivable that as the war in Vietnam escalates more, the unemployment rate will drop even further, perhaps even to the low level that existed in the Korean War. But within the improvements in the over-all rate are some of the most disturbing aspects of the present situation. The unemployment rates of non-whites, primarily Negroes, are still double that of whites. Only 2.8 per cent of white, adult, work force males were jobless in October, but 6 percent of the Negro, adult males were unemployed. Only 3.8 per cent of the white, adult women are unemployed, but 7.7 per cent of the Negro women aren't working. And while 11.6 per cent of the white teenagers are still jobless, 23.6 per cent of the non-white teenagers are drifting around without work.

. . . 6 per cent of the Negro, adult males were unemployed . . .

In some parts of the country, too, high unemployment and low income for both whites and non-whites remain unchanged in any significant way either by the real war in Vietnam or the not-so-real war against poverty. Very little, if any, improvement has been made in the bad housing which is such an affliction of the poor, nor has the much-vaunted Operation Headstart of last summer been continued at a significant rate.

. . . the not-so-real war against poverty . . .

It is clear by now that the basic problems of poverty for the present generation of the poor and the next few generations to come will not be solved in traditional ways. We are facing a grave internal crisis which must not be obscured either by the minimal War on Poverty being conducted nor by the gains to the economy that have come through the war in Vietnam. In America the really poor are only getting more poor while the rest of the population improves its lot. And the solutions for this problem—the creation of socially useful public works programs; the relaxation of the rigid standards which now control hiring; the realization that ordinary fiscal methods cannot be applied, overnight, into programs which are being run by the poor; and, finally, the understanding that political turmoil is worthwhile if it energizes the poor into trying to change their own conditions—these solutions demand as much or more effort than is now being expended in winning the war in Vietnam.

. . . a tragic flaw in our national character . . .

It is a tragic flaw in our national character structure that the majority of our citizens view a $50 billion defense budget as a necessary expenditure, but resist spending an equal amount of money on a program of socially useful public works and activities. Yet nothing less than such a program, in which the poor will have an opportunity to make significant decisions about their own future, will have any effect upon those people who continue to live in poverty even though the war in Vietnam escalates.

Interview:

An Exchange With Vice-President Humphrey

by Robert Scheer

The Johnson Administration, despite continual reiteration of its offer of "unconditional discussions" on Vietnam, has left the main questions unanswered. Is the United States willing to negotiate a settlement which would allow the people of South Vietnam to determine whether it is to be the government in Saigon, the Viet Cong, or some combination of these or other forces which shall govern them? Would "our" side be willing to negotiate such a settlement with the Viet Cong? If the answers are negative, then the United States has imposed a very real condition—Hanoi's prior acceptance of the illegitimacy of the N.L.F. (Viet Cong).

On December 4th a group including Special Forces veteran Don Duncan (see page 15), University of California Mathematics Professor Morris Hirsch and myself raised these questions in an interview with Vice-President Humphrey at Moffett Naval Air Station. We felt that his answers deny the Administration's professed desire for a fair and negotiated peace. The meeting was closed to newsmen and although the Vice-Presidential staff recorded the interview, we were refused a copy. The partial transcript which follows was composed from our notes.

QUESTION: 1) Is the United States willing

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Let her love you

VENUS PERALTA, FILIPINA, AGE 4. ***One of five children. Father dead. Mother earns about 50¢ a day. Sells fish in market. Lives in one-room shack in squatter area. Roof rusty galvanized tin salvaged from cans. Walls scraps of firewood. Cooking and washing done in lean-to. Children ragged. Main food source sweet potato patch. Privation acute. Mother sickened with despair for children. Help to Venus means help to whole family.***

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B. I cannot "adopt" a child but I would like to help a child by contributing $_____.

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to negotiate with the N.L.F.?; 2) Does the United States favor free elections in which the N.L.F. would participate and would these elections be recognized if the N.L.F. won?

. . . the winner is of no concern to us . . .

HUMPHREY: *The Administration's policy has long been one of self-determination and free elections in Vietnam; the winner is of no concern to us. If and when there is peace, elections will be held.*

QUESTION: Would the elections be recognized if the N.L.F. won?

HUMPHREY: *The Communists could never win a free election. Do you have any other questions, gentlemen?*

QUESTION: Mr. Humphrey, if the N.L.F. did win, however, would we abide by the results?

HUMPHREY: *The United States Government does not engage in 'ifs'. Do you have any other questions?*

QUESTION: Do you favor free elections in which the N.L.F. could participate?

HUMPHREY: *The Viet Cong is not a legitimate political force; it is an illegitimate, subversive, terroristic organization, supplied, directed and controlled by a foreign government.*

QUESTION: Would the United States allow the N.L.F. to participate in free elections?

. . . for people, not for terrorist groups . . .

HUMPHREY: *The Viet Cong is not a legitimate political party; elections are for people, not for terrorist groups. We would like to see elections held under the auspices of the United Nations or some other non-partisan organization.*

QUESTION: According to article 14 of the Geneva Accords, democratic liberties of all persons and organizations are to be upheld. Is not the N.L.F. a political organization?

HUMPHREY: *We believe in the freedom of political parties, but there is a difference between peaceful and terroristic, subversive parties.*

QUESTION: Why has there not been a clear statement made regarding the United States' willingness to negotiate with the N.L.F.?

. . . a band of wandering minstrels . . .

HUMPHREY: *We will negotiate with the North Vietnamese and whomever they bring in. The United States negotiates only with governments, not with a band of wandering minstrels.*

QUESTION: But a peace was negotiated with the Viet Minh in 1954 and the Pathet Lao in 1962, and neither group was a government.

HUMPHREY: *The N.L.F. is not recognized as a government.*

Travel:

PARIS—A TALE OF TWO CROISSANTS

by G. M. Feigen

Three long hairs grew out of the mole on Madame Dubois' chin.

I had every opportunity to study it, because I was alone in Paris. She was the proprietress of the restaurant near my hotel, and I had reason to know many details of her waspish face, and her arrogant behavior.

I arrived in Paris in October when everyone should be reachable; there was no question of bad weather or running down to *la mer* for a few days. I had a list. After running through several old friends (out of town) and one girl's name given me by Herbert Gold (wrong address, wrong spelling!), I decided to use contacts. They are the "friends who would love to meet you."

An orthopedist was in London at a meeting; a critic was in Rome; a nice writer-couple answered the phone, but he was leaving for somewhere, and I got the impression that he preferred that I wait until he got back: "You won't be lonely in Paris, old man"; he left me with that. A college classmate was listed in the 17th *arrondissement;* the maid said she would give him the message. It began to get humorous, and then slightly hysterical. The French telephone system is absolutely non-understandable to someone who has lived with the instant speed of America; still you can't sell the telephone short, even in Paris; it's a magic instrument that can bail you out of the special melancholy you get in a foreign city, before you get tied into someone or something.

. . . "You won't be lonely in Paris, old man" . . .

. . . no more names, no prospects . . .

The names on the list dwindled down. Finally the absurdity became real—no more names, no prospects. It's one thing to say that a man who is intelligent and curious is never lonely; it's another thing to be in Paris, incommunicado.

After the nightmare of Orly Airport, I checked into a hotel near the *Louvre*. The clerk was acid when I said I had no reservation, but he became more neutral when I, against my conscience, bribed him with a ten-franc-note. With much ceremony and expectation, I was escorted up a wretched lift that screeched against its tortured cables and into a monastic room, furnished with minimal-antiques of no value and very little use, a thin carpet, and a narrow bed. It was fiercely hot, and the telephone didn't work.

Eating is one way to begin to beat the sadness. I wandered out onto the *Place du Théâtre Français* and found the restaurant; I went in because it looked informal. This place had a counter, as well as indoor

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and outdoor tables. That is where I met Mrs. Dubois. She hovered about the corner of two long counters where the waiters brought the orders and the money was paid. The cash register is an important fixture in French restaurants. Sometimes there is no machine, just a drawer and a cashier—a no-longer-young lady who belongs somewhere in the ownership. There was no doubt that Madame Dubois was an important part of this establishment.

..I tried tentative smile...

I tried a tentative smile to which she responded with a pained glance; I felt what it said was, "American." I sat down on one of the high stools at the counter and gloomily looked at the menu, printed on a huge sign over the stove. A tired waiter said, *"M'sieu?"*

"*Croissant et café au lait*," I mumbled.

Madame Dubois, her black dress and sweater strong against her white skin, looked like a disapproving eagle. Her hard, darkly-circled eyes darted from here to there and back, taking in the action, missing nothing; she handled the money and prodded the waiters with disgusting completeness.

The *croissants* were pushed along the counter to me; there were at least 50 of of them; clustered in an enormous bowl they still managed to look fresh and appetizing. I took one, put it on my plate and waited for the coffee. It arrived in a cup, hot and awful. The milk gave it an undernourished, anemic look. I made a valiant try to drink it and at that point I noticed Madame, and her mole with three long hairs, staring at me. Non-verbals passed between us; on my part defiance, on her part, disdain.

I noticed ame, and nole with g hairs...

The waiter came over with the check, upon which was scrawled in heavy pencil—"*Caf & Croiss*." There was no amount listed. I took it over to the cash corner and handed it to Madame Dubois.

"How many?" she asked me in French.

"How many what?" I asked her in French.

"*Croissants*! How many *croissants* did you have?"

"One."

She looked at me with disbelief, looked at the *croissants* ten feet away, and seemed to count them.

"I think you had two," she said to me. She spoke only French.

"Listen, lady," I said in English; "I had only one," I said in French.

The waiter came up to see if something interesting was going on. When he discovered the nature of the argument he seem-

A letter from
Martin Luther King, Jr.

Dear Friend:

Ten years of progress in the South have resulted in fewer deaths than *five days* of violence in Los Angeles. The adherence to nonviolence by Southern Negroes has won major social and political victories with a minimum of bloodshed.

The rage of the hopeless in Los Angeles forced the nation to face ugly facts but not yet to deal with them. Submerged by hopelessness and lacking nonviolent leadership, the frustrated victims of subtle and covert injustices in the North rioted as much against themselves as against their oppressors.

Our organization, the first to employ mass nonviolent direct action, is faced with a challenge. Many Negro leaders are urgently calling us North. We must respond because out of our work in Montgomery, Birmingham and Selma nonviolent direct action techniques were born which have never systematically been used in the North.

However, our major work continues to be in the South. Our successes in stimulating national legislation present us with hugely expanded Southern programs. We must intensify the work in which we pioneered — voter registration. We must continue to develop programs of community organization, political education and our unique projects of self-help literacy education. We must assist those who are being reborn as citizens to employ the rights of citizenship responsibly and effectively. We must make certain that Federal legislation is enacted to insure that violence against civil rights workers and Negro citizens in the South is once and for all eliminated from American life.

We need the financial support of all people of good will — of all races and beliefs. Contributions are more than money —they are affirmations of confidence in and dedication to democratic change. Please send your check today and be a part of America's most imperative moral and social mission.

With warmest good wishes,

Martin Luther King, Jr.

Martin Luther King, Jr.

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Martin Luther King, Jr., Pres.

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ed disappointed, but he volunteered that I had taken only one *croissant*.

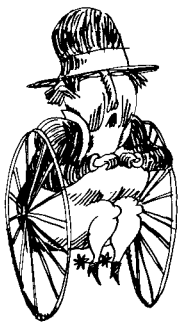
"Did you watch him the whole time, robber?" she asked him. He shrugged his shoulders and lifted his hands and eyebrows.

"Very well then, one *croissant*." As she took my ten-franc-note to make change, she muttered; "If I don't watch everything, every minute, people cheat—people who can well afford to pay."

I stared at her, projecting injured innocence, but her head, held high, her eyes directed supplicatingly at the ceiling, made me wonder if perhaps I had eaten two—I thought carefully. No Madame! Just one. You are like so many of the people of Paris. You hate Americans.

. . . You hate Americans . . .

The next morning, I again entered the establishment of Mrs. Dubois. The Madame was seated at the register, clacking accurately-directed monosyllables at her staff. She frowned when she saw me, but continued to look long enough to establish that there was more than ordinary correspondence. I had to support my innocence and I stared her down. She looked away but continued to look back from time to time with sustained interest. I ordered two *croissants*. I felt that I might just as well order two, because she would say I had eaten two. This time the *"combien, m'sieu?"* was answered by *"deux,"* and the exchange of money was silent. There was not even the perfunctory thank you. The little struggle between us was unresolved. I wondered why I had eaten two *croissants*. I told myself it was because I was hungry, but I failed to convince myself. I left the restaurant feeling that something was unfinished.



I rented a motor scooter from a surly mechanic on the *Rue des Accacias*. The French are in a hurry, and are willing to take risks. They seem to dislike the police, who return the sentiment with quick, sharp, almost angry direction. The drivers give you the feeling that no allowances will be made for your being a stranger. I bounced over to the Flea Market and looked around for a clock with a swinging pendulum motivated by hanging weights. A saleslady of 40 or so Parisian Aprils engaged me in a sort of literary haggling which ended when I tinkered with the clockworks and found them faulty.

"I don't know why it doesn't work; I tested it myself this morning." She glanced at me quizzically. "Is *monsieur* sure he did not do something?" she said in French.

"Yes," I answered in English. I did not want there to be any doubt about my status as a tourist. "Yes, I did something; I found out that the clock is no good." This bit of badinage made her laugh, and we had a fine non-lonely discussion. I asked her if she would show me some of the sights of Paris—after work of course. I would expect to pay her for her time. She agreed to meet me later that day—toward five. She would pick me up at the hotel in her car.

. . . She agreed to meet me later that day . . .

The eye of Paris twinkled a little. I thought of the marvelous power of chance. True, it was not a romantic something for me, but then, it had its romance in the situation. Her forearms were thick but would be gloved, her form somewhat shapeless but properly compressed, she had a car, and we had a deal. Her name was Odette Cortot.

What an antidote to loneliness her little car proved to be! Safely inside, with a driver who knew the rules and geography, I became substantive once again. It was instant anti-alienation! Odette and I practiced exchanging languages, she assailing me with her inept English, and I going on in French, trying to roll my r's without sounding like a gargle. We made a pub crawl which wound in and out of the side streets off the *Champs Elysées*, parted at one a.m., and arranged to meet again the following day. I scarcely saw the thick green draperies hanging down over my window. I glanced down at the Seine for sentiment's sake, saw the perfect pair of lovers arm in arm, and went to bed.

. . . I probably would never see Madame Dubois again . . .

I got out early; I discovered that I was hungry and that I probably would never see Madame Dubois again. It now seemed important to eat there, to settle some vague disquiet I had nursed ever since I saw that defiant chin. I sauntered in more confidently and, having yesterday's copy of the Paris edition of the New York Herald Tribune, I sat down to my *croissant* and coffee. From time to time I studied the visage of the Madame. Her skin seemed tight and tired, her gray eyes intense but inscrutable, her neck and waist obscured by the inevitable black fabric. The mole on her chin looked like a little insect and added a touch of life to what was almost a photograph. I wondered about her other life—who waited for her, what kind of needs she had. Here she was competence and watchfulness. Every little crumb counted, every little detail mattered.

When the waiter came to ask me the big question, I said "two" even though I had eaten only one. I felt generous. I had moved to a good hotel. I had found someone with a name, an identity and a car. I

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would give Madame Dubois an extra *croissant*—on me, on the American—but it would be an anonymous gift. Madame Dubois, a *croissant!* May you live to be old and die rich! She seemed to be very busy when I was ready to pay so I left the money on the counter.

I felt quite hot and dry; I wandered past the *Place de l'Opéra,* vaguely counting the ornate statuary around its façade, walked in and out of the cafeteria, a horror I never expected to see in Paris, and after a beer at the *Café de La Paix*, I felt that I had had it. I went back to the *Relais Bisson* to lie down. The room was quite dark. I was quite flushed. It seemed only a few minutes before Odette arrived. I had her wait in the lobby, seated in a delicate, white armchair. I ordered a drink for her.

The evening was intoxication in many ways. It started with our already-earned familiarity, and with the very slight revelations which are made between employer and employee. She drove past the monuments and buildings from the *Louvre* to the *Arc de Triomphe,* all illuminated by bright spotlights. Indolent because of the damp heat and fatigue, I nodded in recognition as she pointed them out one by one. I wondered how much education she had, this almost attractive woman, with too much makeup and perfume but with an awareness of what to me was the mysterious center of herself. We turned off the *Rue des Abbesses* to begin the steep climb to *Montmartre*. Of course there were crowded cafes with gay music, little spots, charming, an assortment of quaintnesses, groups of interesting-looking, young people singing, milling about, drinking at tables, indoors and out, talking, looking love. We walked.

. . . too much makeup and perfume . . .

She spoke for a long time. Standing in front of the stirring white *Sacré-Coeur* basilica, we looked down on the lights of Paris, the lights of city things below. She told me about her life; husband killed in the war; on the verge always of something right—school, remarriage, but always missing by hesitation. At one point she cried without being aware of the tears. I discovered that we were on parallel lines which would never intersect; it was poignant and yet she whispered behind a thick wall; she was a stranger. I finally realized that I was very ill; I don't recall our parting very well.

I had a high fever. The three male maids who did up the room wandered quietly in and out three times, so I must have been in bed for three days. I lay dozing fitfully in this lovely, musty furnished cell, 10 or 12 yards from the Seine. I felt like a bear in a dark cave huddled way in the back, eyes closed but facing a hostile outside. Paris was a battlefield, a confusing mixture of little sounds, a bastard without parents or relatives, a zone of gray shapes, a place that resented Americans. I took my temperature; it was 40 degrees centigrade. I was sore throat, sinus, bronchitis, all the rasping misery of the venerable *la grippe*. I ordered a gallon of orange juice and slept. I must say I received no sympathy from the staff; but I did receive privacy. In a day or two I was awake enough to realize how awful I felt. I remembered that I had not paid Odette. I thought of Madame Dubois and her mole. I decided to get out of Paris as quickly as it was safe but first I had to take care of the two loose ends.

. . . I had not paid Odette . . .

I saw Odette at the Flea Market. She said that she had called. (There had been no message from her at the desk.) She admitted that she had wondered about me. I told her how sorry I was to have forgotten to pay her; I handed her a hundred-franc-note.

. . . "I don't want your money". . .

"I don't want your money," she flashed. "You Americans think only that you can buy anyone with your money." She bit the words. "You did not even for one minute look at me as a woman," she rasped. "Only pay for what you want, eh?"

"But we agreed on that right at the start," I said, still tired.

"I don't want you. Go home to your prosperity." She paused. I started to walk away.

"I made something on you anyway," she said in parting. "All the bars, all the restaurants, they paid me for bringing you there, so you see it wasn't just your great charm."

Then there was Madame Dubois. I did not want to leave without once more sampling that miserable atmosphere, and defending some unknown virtue with *croissants*. She was there. This time I saw her feet encased in English walking shoes, tired feet, holding up her pride and competence and frigidity. I sat down and ordered my *croissant*. "One!" I said loudly. I was no longer vulnerable. I would eat as many as I wanted and pay for what I ate. "Just one!" I put the money down as soon as the waiter put the crescent-shaped roll on my plate.

. . . tired feet, holding up her pride . . .

Hearing a slight rustling nearby, I looked up to see Madame Dubois placing another *croissant* on my plate. There was what Parisians might call a *soupçon* of

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a smile on her face—no motion of the muscles that smile. "We owe you this *croissant, monsieur*," she said softly but strongly. "You must understand, we do not want charity, only what is just!"

While waiting at Orly for the New York jet, I thought about the two women. Odette had behaved with an acceptable, if ironic, ambivalence. I was to understand that she didn't want money; she just wanted to be accepted as a woman. I was too American to understand. Yet she was on commission, on the take in all those bars and restaurants. But Madame Dubois—that was another story! She couldn't stand having to be grateful; she couldn't stand receiving this gift from me —this one little *croissant*—which she remembered over all the days when I was ill. That was a proud woman, mole and all!

.That was d woman, nd all! . . .

Then I got an insight. It wasn't very complicated and it helped me understand. The French can't stand having to be grateful! They hate having to think that such materialistic, unrefined, unæsthetic people had to bail them out after they went Vichy. Lafayette, yes! Patton, no! If it all could have been done by the *maquis*—without us whom they admired grudgingly, whom they are beginning to imitate almost openly, and whom they regard with scorn and jealousy. But no. First they have to submit to our liberation and now to our military superiority and prosperity. I trudged wearily up the stairway into the jet; they were featuring a movie about a lady who dies of a brain tumor. *"Vive la France"* thought I. *"Vive Les Etats Unis! Vive la Vie!"*

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etters:

NEXT-TO-LAST JEW

SIRS:

. . .The Fiedler story ("The Last Jew in America": RAMPARTS, November 1965) was magnificent; congratulations on printing it. Contemporary American Judaism does give the impression (outside of New York City) of consisting of the "Jetsam of an ebbing faith," both animate and inanimate. What an excellent sermon the story is.

MORTON J. SUMMER
Wanamassa, New Jersey

SIRS:

With "The Last Jew in America" you have introduced me to the work of Mr. Leslie A. Fiedler and, alas, to Mr. Fiedler himself. Few serious writers, past or present, so continuously obtrude between the reader and the page. And *how* Mr. Fiedler comes on! The oh-so-clever Jew who is going to give the *goyim* the genuine 24-carat inside picture: the real essence and ethos of Jewishness! Never mind about Spinoza, Heine, Marx, Freud, Einstein, and all the rest from John the Baptist to, for heaven's sake, Boris Pasternak! Sports, the lot!

. . . for heaven's sake, Boris Pasternak! . . .

Almost at once *this* reader was afflicted with a feeling akin to *deja vu*. In time the feeling defined itself. Both Mr. Fiedler *and* his tale had been created by that unforgettable genius (and anti-Semite), F. M. Dostoevsky.

Of course, the anti-Semitic Jew and half-Jew were not invented by Hitler. Hitler simply brought them out of the woodwork. But how shall the innocent *goyim* know the difference between a (verbal) portrait and a caricature when the subject is *so* alien to them? More important, how should they know when a caricature is a canard? By referring to their meager knowledge of history and of contemporary reality—that's how.

It is unlikely that you would publish a story in which any *other* varieties of intermarriage and assimilation were referred to exclusively (and with obvious auctorial approval) as they are in The Last Jew. . .

. . .Proust's mother married for love? . . .

Do you find it inconceivable, for example, that Montaigne's mother and/or Proust's mother married for love? In any case, were *their* sons such a discredit to either their Jewish or their gentile forebears? Isn't it probable that at least one "Plainsville" Jew would have behaved more or less like, say, Bret Harte, had the author not chosen to blot the truth? Have neither you nor Mr. Fiedler any idea of how large a percentage of this country's Jews and half-Jews are descendants of pre-Civil War immigrants? And do you think *they* fit Mr. Fiedler's picture? Does it seem likely? . . .

B. M. GINSBURG
New York City

SIRS:

Was moved to write by Leslie Fiedler's "The Last Jew in America": an outstanding story. RAMPARTS gets better with each issue. The art direction is superb and the editorial outlook has a freshness which I can only describe—without being able to explain exactly why—as "non-east-coast-ish."

KAL WAGENHEIM
San Juan, Puerto Rico

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HEADQUARTERS

5TH SPECIAL FORCES GROUP (AIRBORNE), 1ST SPECIAL FORCES

Office of the Commander

APO San Francisco, 96240

ASF

22 July 1965

SUBJECT: Letter of Appreciation

TO: Master Sergeant Donald W. Duncan
Headquarters
5th Special Forces Group (Abn)
1st Special Forces
APO US Forces, 96240

1. I wish to express my appreciation for your outstanding presentation of facts and information of Special Forces activities to the Honorable Robert S. McNamara and party on 19 July 1965.

2. Throughout the entire presentation your knowledge of Special Forces activities, lucid oral expression, and poise were exceptional.

3. The salient points which you so aptly presented to the Secretary of Defense may have significant results on future support of Special Forces in the Republic of Vietnam. You are to be congratulated for a job well done.

4. This letter will be made a permanent part of your military 201 file.

WILLIAM A. McKEAN
Colonel, Infantry
Commanding

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[MEMOIRS OF A SPECIAL FORCES HERO]

"The whole thing was a lie!"

By Donald Duncan

MASTER SERGEANT DONALD DUNCAN *left the United States Army in September of 1965 after ten years of service, including six years in the Special Forces and eighteen months on active combat duty in Vietnam. While in Vietnam he received the South Vietnamese Silver Star, the Combat Infantry Badge, the Bronze Star, and the United States Army Air Medal. He was nominated for the American Silver Star and was the first enlisted man in Vietnam to be nominated for the Legion of Merit. Both nominations are still pending. He participated in many missions behind enemy lines in War Zone D, Vung Tao and the An Khe Valley. Last March he turned down the offer of a field commission to the rank of captain. Instead he left Vietnam on September 5, 1965 and received his honorable discharge four days later.*

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When I was drafted into the Army, ten years ago, I was a militant anti-Communist. Like most Americans, I couldn't conceive of anybody choosing communism over democracy. The depths of my aversion to this ideology was, I suppose, due in part to my being Roman Catholic, in part to the stories in the news media about communism, and in part to the fact that my stepfather was born in Budapest, Hungary. Although he had come to the United States as a young man, most of his family had stayed in Europe. From time to time, I would be given examples of the horrors of life under communism. Shortly after Basic Training, I was sent to Germany. I was there at the time of the Soviet suppression of the Hungarian revolt. Everything I had heard about communism was verified. Like my fellow soldiers I felt frustrated and cheated that the United States would not go to the aid of the Hungarians. Angrily, I followed the action of the brute force being used against people who were armed with sticks, stolen weapons, and a desire for independence.

While serving in Germany, I ran across the Special Forces. I was so impressed by their dedication and élan that I decided to volunteer for duty with this group. By 1959 I had been accepted into the Special Forces and underwent training at Fort Bragg. I was soon to learn much about the outfit and the men in it. A good percentage of them were Lodge Act people — men who had come out from Iron Curtain countries. Their anti-communism bordered on fanaticism. Many of them who, like me, had joined Special Forces to do something positive, were to leave because "things" weren't happening fast enough. They were to show up later in Africa and Latin America in the employ of others or as independent agents for the CIA.

Initially, training was aimed at having United States teams organize guerrilla movements in foreign countries. Emphasis was placed on the fact that guerrillas can't take prisoners. We were continuously told "You don't have to kill them yourself — let your indigenous counterpart do that." In a course entitled, "Countermeasures to Hostile Interrogation," we were taught NKVD (Soviet Security) methods of torture to extract information. It became obvious that the title was only camouflage for teaching us "other" means of interrogation when time did not permit more sophisticated methods, for example, the old cold water-hot water treatment, or the delicate operation of lowering a man's testicles into a jeweler's vise. When we asked directly if we were being told to use these methods the answer was, "We can't tell you that. The Mothers of America wouldn't approve." This sarcastic hypocrisy was greeted with laughs. Our own military teaches these and even worse things to American soldiers. They then condemn the Viet Cong guerrillas for supposedly doing those very things. I was later to witness firsthand the practice of turning prisoners over to ARVN for "interrogation" and the atrocities which ensued.

Throughout the training there was an exciting aura of mystery. Hints were continually being dropped that "at this very moment" Special Forces men were in various Latin American and Asian countries on secret missions. The anti-Communist theme was woven throughout. Recommended reading would invariably turn out to be books on "brainwashing" and atrocity tales — life under communism. The enemy was THE ENEMY. There was no doubt that THE ENEMY was communism and Communist countries. There never was a suggestion that Special Forces would be used to set up guerrilla warfare against the government in a Fascist-controlled country.

It would be a long time before I would look back and realize that this conditioning about the Communist conspiracy and THE ENEMY was taking place. Like most of the men who volunteered for Special Forces, I wasn't hard to sell. We were ready for it. Artur Fisers, my classmate and roommate, was living for the day when he would "lead the first 'stick' of the first team to go into Latvia." "How about Vietnam, Art?" "To hell with Vietnam. I wouldn't blend. There are not many blue-eyed gooks." This was to be only the first of many contradictions of the theory that Special Forces men cannot be prejudiced about the color or religion of other people.

After graduation, I was chosen to be a Procurement NCO for Special Forces in California. The joke was made that I was now a procurer. After seeing how we were prostituted, the analogy doesn't seem a bad one. General

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Yarborough's instructions were simple: "I want good, dedicated men who will graduate. If you want him, take him. Just remember, he may be on your team someday." Our final instructions from the captain directly in charge of the program had some succinct points. I stood in shocked disbelief to hear, "Don't send me any niggers. Be careful, however, not to give the impression that we are prejudiced in Special Forces. You won't find it hard to find an excuse to reject them. Most will be too dumb to pass the written test. If they luck out on that and get by the physical testing, you'll find that they have some sort of a criminal record." The third man I sent to Fort Bragg was a "nigger." And I didn't forget that someday he might be on my team.

My first impressions of Vietnam were gained from the window of the jet while flying over Saigon and its outlying areas. As I looked down I thought, "Why, those could be farms anywhere and that could be a city anywhere." The ride from Tan Son Nhut to the center of town destroyed the initial illusion.

My impressions weren't unique for a new arrival in Saigon. I was appalled by the heat and humidity which made my worsted uniform feel like a fur coat. Smells. Exhaust fumes from the hundreds of blue and white Renault taxis and military vehicles. Human excrement; the foul, stagnant, black mud and water as we passed over the river on Cong Ly Street; and, overriding all the others, the very pungent and rancid smell of what I later found out was *nuoc mam*, a sauce made much in the same manner as sauerkraut, with fish substituted for cabbage. No Vietnamese meal is complete without it. People — masses of them! The smallest children, with the dirty faces of all children of their age, standing on the sidewalk unshod and with no clothing other than a shirtwaist that never quite reached the navel on the protruding belly. Those a little older wearing overall-type trousers with the crotch seam torn out — a practical alteration that eliminates the need for diapers. Young grade school girls in their blue butterfly sun hats, and boys of the same age with hands out saying, "OK — Salem," thereby exhausting their English vocabulary. The women in *ao dais* of all colors, all looking beautiful and graceful. The slim, hipless men, many walking hand-in-hand with other men, and so misunderstood by the newcomer. Old men with straggly Fu Man Chu beards staring impassively, wearing wide-legged, pajama-like trousers.

Bars by the hundreds — with American-style names (Playboy, Hungry i, Flamingo) and faced with grenade-proof screening. Houses made from packing cases, accommodating three or four families, stand alongside spacious villas complete with military guard. American GI's abound in sport shirts, slacks, and cameras; motorcycles, screaming to make room for a speeding official in a large, shiny sedan, pass over an intersection that has hundreds of horseshoes impressed in the soft asphalt tar. Confusion, noise, smells, people — almost overwhelming.

My initial assignment was in Saigon as an Area Specialist for III and IV Corps Tactical Zone in the Special Forces Tactical Operations Center. And my education began here. The officers and NCOs were unanimous in their contempt of the Vietnamese.

There was a continual put-down of Saigon officials, the Saigon government, ARVN (Army Republic of Vietnam), the LLDB (Luc Luong Dac Biet-Vietnamese Special Forces) and the Vietnamese man-in-the-street. The government was rotten, the officials corrupt, ARVN cowardly, the LLDB all three, and the man-in-the-street an ignorant thief. (LLDB also qualified under "thief.")

I was shocked. I was working with what were probably some of the most dedicated Americans in Vietnam. They were supposedly in Vietnam to help "our Vietnamese friends" in their fight for a democratic way of life. Obviously, the attitude didn't fit.

It occurred to me that if the people on "our side" were all these things, why were we then supporting them and spending $1.5 million dollars a day in their country? The answer was always the same: "They are anti-Communists," and this was supposed to explain everything.

As a result of this insulation, my initial observations of everything and everyone Vietnamese were colored. I almost fell into the habit, or mental laziness, of evaluating Vietnam not on the basis of what I saw and heard, but on what I was told by other biased Americans. When you see something contradictory, there is always a fellow countryman willing

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"Negroes do not go into white bars except at the risk of being ejected."

to interpret the significance of it, and it won't be favorable to the Vietnamese. This is due partially to the type of Vietnamese that the typical American meets, coupled with typical American prejudices. During his working hours, the American soldier deals primarily with the Vietnamese military. Many (or most) of the higher-ranking officers attained their status through family position, as a reward for political assistance, and through wealth. Most of the ranking civilians attained their positions in the same manner. They use their offices primarily as a means of adding to their personal wealth. There is hardly any social rapport between GI Joe and his Vietnamese counterpart.

Most contact between Americans and Vietnamese civilians is restricted to taxi drivers, laborers, secretaries, contractors, and bar girls. All these people have one thing in common: They are dependent on Americans for a living. The last three have something else in common. In addition to speaking varying degrees of English, they will tell Americans anything they want to hear as long as the money rolls in. Neither the civilian nor military with whom the American usually has contact is representative of the Vietnamese people.

Many of our military, officers and enlisted, have exported the color prejudice, referring to Vietnamese as "slopes" and "gooks" — two words of endearment left over from Korea. Other fine examples of American Democracy in action are the segregated bars. Although there are exceptions, in Saigon, Nha Trang, and Da Nang and some of the other larger towns, Negroes do not go into white bars except at the risk of being ejected. I have seen more than one incident where a Negro newcomer has made a "mistake" and walked into the wrong bar. If insulting catcalls weren't enough to make him leave, he was thrown out bodily. There are cases where this sort of thing has led to near-riots.

It is obvious that the Vietnamese resent us as well. We are making many of the same mistakes that the French did, and in some instances our mistakes are worse. Arrogance, disrespect, rudeness, prejudice, and our own special brand of ignorance, are not designed to win friends. This resentment runs all the way from stiff politeness to obvious hatred. It is so common that if a Vietnamese working with or for Americans is found to be sincerely cooperative, energetic, conscientious, and honest, it automatically makes him suspect as a Viet Cong agent.

AFTER MY INITIAL ASSIGNMENT in Saigon, which lasted two and one-half months, I volunteered for a new program called Project Delta. This was a classified project wherein specially selected men in Special Forces were to train and organize small teams to be infiltrated into Laos. The primary purpose of dropping these teams into Laos was to try and find the Ho Chi Minh trail and gather information on traffic, troops, weapons, etc. This was purely a reconaissance intelligence mission, but the possibility of forming guerrilla bases later was considered. There was some talk of going into North Vietnam, but not by Project Delta. Another outfit, Special Operations Group (SOG) was already doing just that. SOG was a combined forces effort. The CIA, Air Force (US), Navy, Army and detached Special Forces personnel were all in on the act.

Project Delta was paid for by Uncle Sam from CIDG funds. We had to feed, billet and clothe the Vietnamese. Free beer was supplied and lump sums of money were agreed on, money to be paid after completion of training and more to be paid when the teams returned.

Here we are in South Vietnam to help these people "preserve their freedom, etc.," willing to risk our lives to that end and here we are paying them to help themselves. These were men already being paid their regular pay in the Vietnamese Army and we actually had to pay a bonus each time they went to the field on training missions or made a parachute jump, all of which was supposed to be a normal part of their duties.

Originally, it was thought that the teams would be composed of four Vietnamese and two Americans. Although many of the people we were training had natural aptitudes for the area of operations, strong and effective leadership was lacking. It was emphasized constantly to the Pentagon and to the ambassador by those intimately involved in the training program, that if any degree of success was to be realized it was imperative that Americans must accompany the teams.

When at the last minute we received a firm "No Go" for the United States personnel, we asked, "Why?" The answer was that it was an election year and it would cause great embarrassment if Americans were captured in Laos. Anything of that nature would have to wait until after the election. The reaction to this decision on the part of the Americans was one of anger, disappointment and disgust.

The one thing that made it possible to accomplish the things we did was the relationship we had established with the Vietnamese. Each man took it upon himself to establish a friendly relationship with the men on the teams. We

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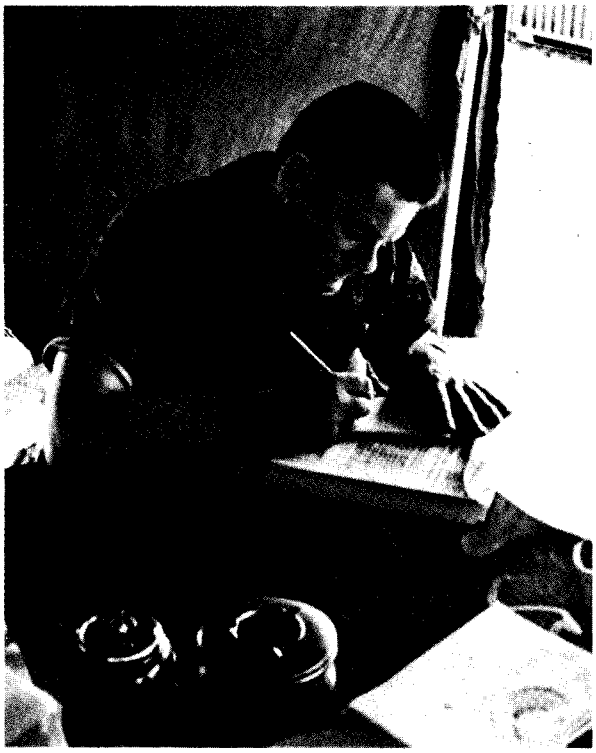
ate the same food, wore the same clothes, lived in the same tents, shared the same hardships. We worked more hours and carried the same loads. We made ourselves the guinea pigs in experiments. The pitch was, "We don't ask you to do anything we won't do ourselves." It worked. We had dedicated teams.

After the decision to eliminate Americans from the drops, the Vietnamese felt that they had been cheated. Petty complaints became rampant; e.g., if we do not get wool sweaters and better watches we will not go. They felt this was one more example of Americans standing back advising Vietnamese on how to get killed without risk to themselves. We started getting an increase in A.W.O.L.s. The Americans had to watch their teams board the infiltration aircraft without them. Hands were shaken but with eyes averted. "Good lucks" were said but with bent heads. We felt guilty. We had strongly advised that the teams not be sent until the Americans could go, but to no avail.



Like everyone, I was disappointed. This was the one thing, if I had to single one out, that made me really start questioning our role in Vietnam. It suddenly occurred to me that the denial of American participation was not based on whether it was right or wrong for us to be going to Laos. The primary concern was the possible embarrassment to President Johnson during an election campaign. Toward this end we sent people on a mission that had little or no chance of success. It became apparent that we were not interested in the welfare of the Vietnamese but, rather, in how we could best promote our own interests. We sent 40 men who had become our friends. These were exceptionally dedicated people, all volunteers, and their CO showed up drunk at the plane to bid the troops farewell — just all boozed up. Six returned, the rest were killed or captured.

As it turned out, the mission found damned little. Most teams didn't last long enough to report what, if anything, they saw. The six survivors came completely through the areas and observed no troop movements, no concentrations of troops, and little vehicle traffic, day or night. In the final stages, two of the project helicopters flew two missions a day for four days, looking for the teams. They saw nothing and were not fired at. As for the highway from Tchepone to Muong Nong, one helicopter flew the highway, taking pictures with a hand-held 35mm camera. It was low enough to take straight-on shots of people standing in doorways.

To many in Vietnam this mission confirmed that the Ho Chi Minh trail, so called, and the traffic on it, was grossly exaggerated, and that the Viet Cong were getting the bulk of their weapons from ARVN and by sea. It also was one more piece of evidence that the Viet Cong were primarily South Vietnamese, not imported troops from the North. One more thing was added to my growing lists of doubts of the "official" stories about Vietnam.

When the project shifted to in-country operations Americans went on drops throughout the Viet Cong-held areas of South Vietnam. One such trip was into War Zone D north of Dong Xoi, near the Michelin plantation. There is no such thing as a typical mission. Each one is different. But this one revealed some startling things. Later I was to brief Secretary of Defense McNamara and General Westmoreland on the limited military value of the bombing, as witnessed on this mission.

As usual we went in at dusk — this time in a heavy rain squall. We moved only a nominal distance, perhaps 300 meters, through the thick, tangled growth and stopped. Without moonlight we were making too much noise. It rained all night so we had to wait until first light to move without crashing around. Moving very cautiously for about an hour, we discovered a deserted company headquarters position, complete with crude tables, stools, and sleeping racks. After reporting this by radio, we continued on our way. The area was crisscrossed with well-traveled trails under the canopy. A few hours later we reached the edge of a large rubber plantation without incident. Keeping to the thick growth surrounding the plantation, we skirted the perimeter. We discovered that it was completely surrounded by deserted gun positions and fox holes, all with beautiful fields-of-fire down the even rows of rubber trees. None gave evidence of having been occupied for at least three or four days. We transmitted this information to the Tactical Operations Center (TOC) and then the team proceeded across the plantation, heading

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for the headquarters and housing area in the center.

When we arrived at a point 100 meters from our destination, the team leader and I went forward, leaving the team in a covering position. As we got closer, we could hear sounds from the houses, but assumed these were only workers. The briefing had neglected to tell us that the plantation was supposed to be deserted. Crawling, we stopped about 25 meters from the first line of houses. Lifting our heads, we received a rude shock. These weren't plantation workers. These were Viet Cong soldiers, complete with blue uniforms, webbing, and many with the new Soviet bloc weapons. The atmosphere seemed to be one of relaxation. We could even hear a transistor radio playing music. After 30 or 40 minutes we drew back to the team position. We reported our find to the TOC and estimated the number of Viet Cong to be at least one company. The whole team then retraced the two kilometers to the jungle and moved into it. Crawling into the thickest part, we settled down just as darkness and the rain closed in on us.

Underneath ponchos, to prevent light from our flashlights escaping, the Vietnamese team leader and I, after closely pouring over our maps, drafted a detailed message for TOC. In the morning we sent the message, which gave map coordinates of a number of small Landing Zones (LZs) around the area. We also gave them a plan for exploiting our find. It was fairly simple. Make simultaneous landings at all LZs and have the troops move quickly to the deserted Viet Cong gun positions and man them. At the sight of bombers approaching, the Viet Cong would leave the housing area for the jungle. This would involve them having to travel across two kilometers of open plantation into prepared positions. We told TOC that we were going to try and get back to the housing area so we could tell them if the Viet Cong were still there. If they didn't hear from us on the next scheduled contact, they were to assume that we had been hit and hadn't made it. If this occurred it would be verification of the Viet Cong presence and they were to follow through with the plan. We would stay in the area and join the Rangers when they came in.

This time, we were more cautious in our trip across the plantation. On the way, we found a gasoline cache of 55-gallon drums. We took pictures and proceeded. Again the Vietnamese team leader and I crawled forward to within 25 meters of the houses. It was unbelievable. There they were and still with no perimeter security. Now, however, there was much activity and what seemed like more of them. We inched our way around the house area. This wasn't a company. There were at least 300 armed men in front of us. We had found a battalion, and all in one tight spot — unique in itself. We got back to the team, made our radio contact, and asked if the submitted plan would be implemented. We were told, yes, and that we were to move back to the edge of the jungle. There would be a small delay while coordination was made to get the troops and helicopters. At 1000 hours (10:00 a.m.) planes of all descriptions started crisscrossing this small area. I contacted one plane (there were so many I couldn't tell which one) on the Prick 10 (AN/PRC-10 transmitter-receiver for air-ground communications). I was told that they were reconning the area for an operation. What stupidity. No less than 40 overflights in 45 minutes. As usual, we were alerting the Viet Cong of impending action by letting all the armchair commandos take a look-see. For about 30 minutes all was quiet, and then we started to notice movement. The Viet Cong were moving out from the center of the plantation. Where were the troops? At 1400 hours Skyraiders showed up and started bombing the center of the plantation. Was it possible that the troops had moved in without our knowing it? TOC wouldn't tell us anything. The bombing continued throughout the afternoon with never more than a 15-minute letup. Now we had much company in the jungle with us. Everywhere we turned there were Viet Cong. I had to agree that, in spite of the rain, it was a much better place to be than in the housing center. Why didn't we hear our troops firing?

FINALLY THE BOMBING ENDED with the daylight, and we crouched in the wet darkness within hearing distance of Viet Cong elements. Darkness was our fortress. About 2030 (8:30 p.m.) we heard the drone of a heavy aircraft in the rainy sky. We paid little attention to it. Then, without warning, the whole world lit up, leaving us feeling exposed and naked. Two huge flares were swinging gently to earth on their parachutes, one on each side of us. At about the same time, our radio contact plane could be heard above the clouds. I grabbed the radio and demanded to know, "Who the hell is calling for those flares and why?"

"What flares?"

"Damn it, find *out* what flares and tell whoever is calling for them that they're putting us in bad trouble." I could hear the operator trying to call the TOC. I figured that friendly troops in the area had called for the flares to light

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ıeir perimeter. Crack — crump. I was lifted from the round, only to be slammed down again. I broke in on he radio. "Forget that transmission. I know why the ıares are being dropped."

"Why?"

"They're being used as markers for jets dropping what ounds like 750-pounders. Tell TOC thanks for the warn-ng. Also tell them two of the markers bracketed our ɔosition. I hope to hell they knew where we are." A long ɔause.

"TOC says they don't know anything about flares or et bombers."

Another screwup. "Well how about somebody finding ɔut something and when they find out, how about elling us unimportant folks? In the meantime, I hope that gooniebird' (C-47 plane) has its running lights on."

"Why?"

"Because any moment now he pilot is going to find he is lawdling around in a bomb run pattern. Come back early in the morning and give me the hot skinny."

"Roger — we're leaving — out."

I was mad, a pretty good sign that I was scared. The bombing continued through the night. Sometimes it was "crump" and sometimes it was "crack," depending on how close the bombs fell. When it finally stopped sometime before dawn, I realized that it was a dazzling exhibition of flying — worthless — but impressive. The flare ship had to fly so low because of the cloud cover that its flares were burning out on the ground instead of in the air. The orbiting jets would then dive down through the clouds, break through, spot the markers, make split-second corrections, and release their bombs. However, while it was going on, considering what a small error became at jet speeds, a small error would wipe us out. Should this happen, I could see a bad case of "*C'est la guerre*" next day at air operations. I couldn't help wondering also how "Charlie" was feeling about all this — specifically the ones only 25 or 30 meters away. It didn't seem possible, but I wondered if the shrapnel tearing through the tree tops was terrifying him as much as us.

First thing in the morning, my Vietnamese counterpart made contact on the big radio (HC-162D). After some talk into the mike, he turned to me with a helpless look:

"They say we must cross plantation to housing area again."

"What? It's impossible — tell them so."

More talk. "They say we must go. They want to talk to you."

When the hollow voice came through on the side band, I couldn't believe it — it was the same order. I told them it was impossible and that we were not going to go.

"You must go. That is an order from way up."

That figures. The Saigon wheels smelling glory have taken over our TOC. "My answer is, Will Not Comply; I say again, Will Not Comply. Tell those people to stop trying to outguess the man on the ground. If they want someone to assess damage on the housing area send a plane with a camera. Better yet, have the Rangers look at it, there's more of them."

"There are no other friendly troops in the area. You are the only ones that can do it. You must go. There will be a plane in your area shortly. Out."

Up to this point we had assumed friendly troops were in the area and that if we got in trouble, maybe we could hold out until they could help us. No troops. Little wonder the Viet Cong are roaming all over the place not caring who hears them.

Soon a plane arrived and I received: "We must know how many Viet Cong are still in the housing area. You must go and look. It is imperative. The whole success of this mission depends on your report. Over."

"I say again, Will Not Comply. Over." (Hello court martial.) I looked at the Vietnamese team leader. He was tense and grim, but silently cheering me on. While waiting for the plane I asked him what he was going to do. He replied:

"We go, we die. Order say we must go, so we go. We will die."

Tell me Vietnamese have no guts. Another transmission from the plane:

"Why won't you comply? Over."

These type questions aren't normally answered. I knew, however, that the poor bastard up there had to take an answer back to the wheels. Well, he got one: "Because we can't. One step out of this jungle and it's all over. I'm

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not going to have this team wiped out for nothing. There are no Viet Cong in the village; not since 1400 yesterday. The mission was screwed up when you started the bombing without sending in troops yesterday. As for the mission depending on us, you should have thought of that yesterday before you scrapped the plans and didn't bother to tell us. Over."

"Where are the Viet Cong now? Over."

"Which ones? The ones 25 meters from us, or the ones 35 meters from us? They're in the jungle all around us. Over."

"Roger. Understand Viet Cong have left houses — now in jungle — have information necessary — you do not have to go across plantation."

This was unbelievable. On TV it would be a comedy — a bad one.

SHORTLY AFTER THIS UPLIFTING exchange, the bombers returned, and we spent the remainder of the day moving from one Viet Cong group to another. We would come upon them, pull back, and then an A1-E (bomber) would come whining down, machine-gunning or dropping bombs.

I discovered that the old prop fighter bombers were more terrifying than the jets. The jets came in so fast that the man on the ground couldn't hear them until the bombs were dropped and they were climbing away. The props were something else. First the droning noise while in orbit. Then they would peel off and the drone would change to a growl, increasing steadily in pitch until they were a screaming whine. Under the jungle canopy, this noise grabbed at the heart of every man. And every man knew that the plane was pointed directly at him. The crack of the bomb exploding was almost a relief. Many of these bombs landed 25 to 35 meters from where we were lying on the ground. The closest any of us came to being hurt was when a glowing piece of shrapnel lodged in the pack on my back. I couldn't help thinking, "These are our planes. They know where we are. What must it be like for a woman or child to hear that inhuman, impersonal whine directed at them in their open villages? How they must hate us!" I looked around at my team. Others were thinking. Each of us died a little that day in the jungle.

At 1730 (5:30 p.m.) the last bomb was dropped. A great day for humanity. Almost 28 hours of bombing in this small area with barely a break.

On the next afternoon we were told by radio to quickly find an LZ and prepare to leave the area. We knew of only one within reasonable distance and headed for it. A short distance from the LZ we could hear voices. Viet Cong around the opening. We were now an equal distance between two groups of the Viet Cong.

Finally they allowed the pick-up ship to come in. Just as the plane touched down and we started toward it, two machine gun positions opened up — one from each side of the clearing. The bullets sounded like gravel hitting the aluminum skin of the chopper. My American assistant took one position under fire and I started firing at the other. Our backs were to the aircraft and our eyes on the jungle. The rest of the team started climbing aboard. The machine guns were still firing, but we had made them less accurate. I was still firing when two strong hands picked me up and plumped me on the floor of the plane. Maximum power and we still couldn't make the trees at the end of the clearing, but had to make a half-circle over the machine guns. All of a sudden something slapped me in the buttock, lifting me from the floor. A bullet had come through the bottom of the plane, through the gas tank and the floor. When it ripped through the floor it turned sideways. The slug left an eight-inch bruise but did not penetrate. Through some miracle, we were on our way to base — all of us. We would all get drunk tonight. It was the only way we would sleep without reliving the past days. It would be at least three days before anybody would unwind. That much is typical.

I had seen the effect of the bombing at close range. These bombs would land and go for about 15 yards and tear off a lot of foliage from the trees, but that was it. Unless you drop these things in somebody's hip pocket they don't do any good. For 28 hours they bombed that area. And it was rather amusing because, when I came out, it was estimated that they had killed about 250 Viet Cong in the first day. They asked me how many Viet Cong did I think they had killed and I said maybe six, and I was giving them the benefit of the doubt at that. The bombing had no real military significance. It would only work if aimed at concentrated targets such as villages.

ONE OF THE FIRST AXIOMS one learns about unconventional warfare is that no insurgent or guerrilla movement can endure without the support of the people. While doing research in my job as an Area Specialist, I found that, in province after province, the Viet Cong guerrillas had started as small teams. They were now in battalion and regimental strength. Before I left, the Viet Cong could put troops in

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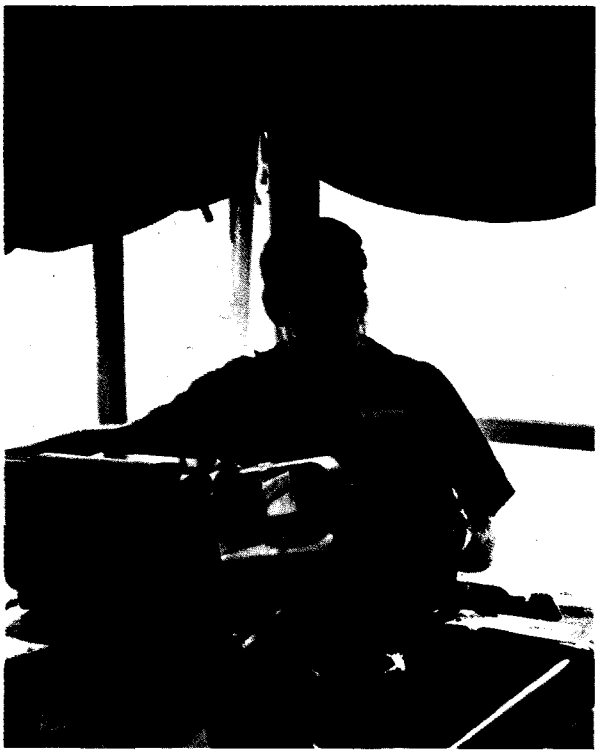
the field in division strength in almost any province. Such growth is not only impossible without popular support, it actually requires an overwhelming mandate.

We were still being told, both by our own government and the Saigon government, that the vast majority of the people of South Vietnam were opposed to the Viet Cong. When I questioned this contradiction, I was always told that the people only helped the Viet Cong through fear. Supposedly, the Viet Cong held the people in the grip of terror by assassination and torture. This argument was also against doctrine. Special Forces are taught that reliable support can be gained only through friendship and trust. History denied the "terror" argument. The people feared and hated the French, and they rose up against them. It became quite obvious that a minority movement could not keep tabs on a hostile majority. South Vietnam is a relatively small country, dotted with thousands of small villages. In this very restricted area companies and battalions of Viet Cong can maneuver and live under the very noses of government troops; but the people don't betray these movements, even though it is a relatively simple thing to pass the word. On the other hand, government troop movements are always reported. In an action against the Viet Cong, the only hope for surprise is for the government to move the troops by helicopters. Even this is no guarantee. General Nguyen Khan, while still head of the Saigon government, acknowledged that Viet Cong sympathizers and agents were everywhere — even in the inner councils — when he made the statement: "Any operation that lets more than four hours elapse between conception and implementation is doomed to failure." He made these remarks in the last days of his regime, right after a personally directed operation north of Saigon ended in disaster.



To back up the terror theory, the killing of village chiefs and their families were pointed out to me. Those that were quick to point at these murders ignored certain facts. Province, district, village and hamlet chiefs are appointed, not elected. Too often petty officials are not even people from the area but outsiders being rewarded for political favors. Those that are from the area are thought of as quislings because they have gone against their own by cooperating with Saigon. Guerrillas or partisans who killed quislings in World War II were made heroes in American movies. Those who look on the Viet Cong killings of these people with horror and use them as justification for our having to beat them, don't realize that our own military consider such actions good strategy when the tables are reversed. When teaching Special Forces how to set up guerrilla warfare in an enemy country, killing unpopular officials is pointed out as one method of gaining friends among the populace. It is recommended that special assassination teams be set up for this purpose.

I know a couple of cases where it was suggested by Special Forces officers that Viet Cong prisoners be killed. In one case in which I was involved, we had picked up prisoners in the valley around An Khe. We didn't want prisoners but they walked into our hands. We were supposed to stay in the area four more days, and there were only eight of us and four of them, and we didn't know what the hell to do with them. You can't carry them. Food is limited, and the way the transmission went with the base camp you knew what they wanted you to do — get rid of them. I wouldn't do that, and when I got back to operation base a major told me, "You know we almost told you right over the phone to do them in." I said that I was glad he didn't, because it would have been embarrassing to refuse to do it. I knew goddamn well I wasn't going to kill them. In a fight it's one thing, but with guys with their hands bound it's another. And I wouldn't have been able to shoot them because of the noise. It would have had to be a very personal thing, like sticking a knife into them. The major said, "Oh, you wouldn't have had to do it; all you had to do was give them over to the Vietnamese." Of course, this is supposed to absolve you of any responsibility. This is the general attitude. It's really a left-handed morality. Very few of the Special Forces guys had any qualms about this. Damn few.

Little by little, as all these facts made their impact on me, I had to accept the fact that, Communist or not, the vast majority of the people were pro-Viet Cong and anti-Saigon. I had to accept also that the position, "We are in Vietnam because we are in sympathy with the aspirations

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"It's not democracy we brought to Vietnam — it's anti-communism."

and desires of the Vietnamese people," was a lie. If this is a lie, how many others are there?

I suppose that one of the things that bothered me from the very beginning in Vietnam was the condemnation of ARVN as a fighting force: "the Vietnamese are cowardly . . . the Vietnamese can't be disciplined . . . the Vietnamese just can't understand tactics and strategy . . . etc., etc." But the Viet Cong are Vietnamese. United States military files in Saigon document time and again a Viet Cong company surrounding two or even three ARVN companies and annihilating them. These same files document instances of a Viet Cong company, surrounded by ARVN battalions, mounting a ferocious fight and breaking loose. I have seen evidence of the Viet Cong attacking machine-gun positions across open terrain with terrible losses. This can't be done with undisciplined bandits. For many years now the tactics and strategy of the Viet Cong have been so successful that massive fire power and air support on our side is the only thing that has prevented a Viet Cong victory. These are all Vietnamese. What makes the difference? Major "Charging Charlie" Beckwith, the Special Forces commander at Plei Me, used the words "dedicated", "tough", "disciplined", "well-trained", and "brave" to describe the Viet Cong — and, almost in the same breath, condemned the Vietnamese on our side.

IT BECAME OBVIOUS that motivation is the prime factor in this problem. The Viet Cong soldier believes in his cause. He believes he is fighting for national independence. He has faith in his leaders, whose obvious dedication is probably greater than his own. His officers live in the same huts and eat the same food. His government counterpart knows that his leaders are in their positions because of family, money or reward for political favors. He knows his officers' primary concern is gaining wealth and favor. Their captains and majors eat in French restaurants and pay as much for one meal as they make in a week. They sleep in guarded villas with their mistresses. They find many excuses for not being with their men in battle. They see the officers lie about their roles in battle. The soldier knows that he will be cheated out of his pay if possible. He knows equipment he may need is being sold downtown. His only motivation is the knowledge that he is fighting only to perpetuate a system that has kept him uneducated and in poverty. He has had so many promises made to him, only to be broken, that now he believes nothing from his government.

I have seen the South Vietnamese soldier fight well, and at times ferociously, but usually only when in a position where there is no choice. At those times he is fighting for survival. On Project Delta there were many brave Vietnamese. When I knew them well enough to discuss such things, I asked them, "Why do you go on these missions time and again? You are volunteers. Why do you not quit and do less dangerous work?" The answer was always the same: "We are friends. We fight well together. If we quit, it will make the project bad." Never, "We are fighting for democracy . . . freedom . . . the people . . ." or any cause. The "enemy" he was fighting had become an abstraction. He was fighting, and fighting well, to sustain the brotherhood of his friends. The project had created a mystique of individualism and eliteness. He felt important. Trust and faith was put in him and he returned it in kind. The Americans didn't condescend to him. The life of every American on the team was dependent on the Vietnamese, and we let them know we were aware of it. We found out early that appealing to them on the basis of patriotism was a waste of time. They felt that they were nothing more than tools of the scheming Saigon politicians.

ARVN troops and their commanders know that if they don't bother the Viet Cong they will be safe from Viet Cong attacks. I'll never forget what a shock it was to find out that various troop commanders and District Chiefs were actually making personal deals with "the enemy." The files in Saigon record instances where government troops with American advisors were told by the Viet Cong to lay down their weapons and walk away from the Americans. The troops did just that and the Viet Cong promises of safety to the troops were honored.

In an effort to show waning popularity for the Viet Cong, great emphasis was placed on figures of Viet Cong defections. Even if the unlikely possibility of the correctness of these figures is accepted, they are worthless when compared to ARVN desertions. The admitted desertion rate and incidents of draft dodging, although deflated, was staggering. Usually, only those caught are reported. Reading OPSUMS (Operational Summaries) and newspapers while in Vietnam, I repeatedly saw references made to hundreds of ARVN listed as missing after the major battles. The reader is supposed to conclude that these hundreds, which by now total thousands, are prisoners of the Viet Cong. They are definitely not listed as deserters. If this were true, half of the Viet Cong would be tied down as guards in POW compounds — which, of course, is ridiculous.

This lack of enthusiasm and reluctance to join in battle wasn't difficult to figure. The majority of the people are

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either anti-Saigon or pro-Viet Cong, or both, and ARVN is drafted from the people.

I was not unique among my contemporaries in knowing most of these things. However, whenever anybody questioned our being in Vietnam — in light of the facts — the old rationale was always presented: "We have to stop the spread of communism somewhere . . . if we don't fight the commies here, we'll have to fight them at home . . . if we pull out, the rest of Asia will go Red . . . these are uneducated people who have been duped; they don't understand the difference between democracy and communism..."

Being extremely anti-Communist myself, these "arguments" satisfied me for a long time. In fact, I guess it was saying these very same things to myself over and over again that made it possible for me to participate in the things I did in Vietnam. But were we stopping communism? Even during the short period I had been in Vietnam, the Viet Cong had obviously gained in strength; the government controlled less and less of the country every day. The more troops and money we poured in, the more people hated us. Countries all over the world were losing sympathy with our stand in Vietnam. Countries which up to now had preserved a neutral position were becoming vehemently anti-American. A village near Tay Ninh in which I had slept in safety six months earlier was the center of a Viet Cong operation that cost the lives of two American friends. A Special Forces team operating in the area was almost decimated over a period of four months. United States Operations Mission (USOM), civilian representatives, who had been able to travel by vehicle in relative safety throughout the countryside, were being kidnapped and killed. Like the military, they now had to travel by air.

The real question was, whether communism is spreading in spite of our involvement or because of it.

The attitude that the uneducated peasant lacked the political maturity to decide between communism and democracy and ". . . we are only doing this for your own good," although it had a familiar colonialistic ring, at first seemed to have merit. Then I remembered that most of the villages would be under Viet Cong control for some of the time and under government control at other times. How many Americans had such a close look at both sides of the cloth? The more often government troops passed through an area, the more surely it would become sympathetic to the Viet Cong. The Viet Cong might sleep in the houses, but the government troops ransacked them. More often than not, the Viet Cong helped plant and harvest the crops; but invariably government troops in an area razed them. Rape is severely punished among the Viet Cong. It is so common among the ARVN that it is seldom reported for fear of even worse atrocities.

I saw the Airborne Brigade come into Nha Trang. Nha Trang is a government town and the Vietnamese Airborne Brigade are government troops. They were originally, in fact, trained by Special Forces, and they actually had the town in a grip of terror for three days. Merchants were collecting money to get them out of town; cafes and bars shut down.

The troops were accosting women on the streets. They would go into a place — a bar or cafe — and order varieties of food. When the checks came they wouldn't pay them. Instead they would simply wreck the place, dumping over the tables and smashing dishes. While these men were accosting women, the police would just stand by, powerless or unwilling to help. In fact, the situation is so difficult that American troops, if in town at the same time as the Vietnamese Airborne Brigade, are told to stay off the streets at night to avoid coming to harm.

The whole thing was a lie. We weren't preserving freedom in South Vietnam. There was no freedom to preserve. To voice opposition to the government meant jail or death. Neutralism was forbidden and punished. Newspapers that didn't say the *right* thing were closed down. People are not even free to leave and Vietnam is one of those rare countries that doesn't fill its American visa quota. It's all there to see once the Red film is removed from the eyes. We aren't the freedom fighters. We are the Russian tanks blasting the hopes of an Asian Hungary.

It's not democracy we brought to Vietnam — it's anti-communism. This is the only choice the people in the village have. This is why most of them have embraced the Viet Cong and shunned the alternative. The people re-

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"Anti-communism is a lousy substitute for democracy."

member that when they were fighting the French for their national independence it was the Americans who helped the French. It's the American anti-Communist bombs that kill their children. It's American anti-communism that has supported one dictator after another in Saigon. When anti-Communist napalm burns their children it matters little that an anti-Communist Special Forces medic comes later to apply bandages.

One day I asked one of our Vietnamese helicopter pilots what he thought of the last bomb raid. "I think maybe today we make many Viet Cong." In July, when Mr. McNamara asked me how effective the bombing was in War Zone D I told him, "It's an expensive defoliant. Unless dropped in a hip pocket it was only effective in housing areas." He didn't seem surprised. In fact, his only comment after my recital of my team's experiences in War Zone D, was when he turned to General Westmoreland who was sitting on my right, "I guess we still have a small reaction problem." Ambassador Taylor said nothing.

While I was in Vietnam the American and/or Saigon government was forever carping about North Vietnam breaking the Geneva Accords. Yet my own outfit, Special Forces, had first come to Vietnam in civilian clothes traveling on civilian passports for the specific purpose of training and arming the ethnic groups for the CIA, a violation of the Accords. The Saigon respect for the Accords was best symbolized by a political cartoon in the Saigon Post. It showed a man urinating on a scroll labeled Geneva Accords 1954. When the troops of Project Delta uncovered the arms cache at Vung Ro Bay, General Nguyen Khan pointing at the weapons, happily presented them to the three ICC men as proof to the world that Hanoi was breaking the Accords. Evidently they were too polite to point out that they had been found by men wearing American-supplied uniforms, carrying American weapons; men who had been trained by Americans and were being paid by Americans. Neither did they mention that the General flew to this spot in an American helicopter and that the weapons were being loaded onto an American-made ship manned by American-trained sailors.

It had taken a long time and a mountain of evidence but I had finally found some truths. The world is not just good guys and bad guys. Anti-communism is a lousy substitute for democracy. I know now that there are many types of communism but there are none that appeal to me. In the long run, I don't think Vietnam will be better off under Ho's brand of communism. But it's not for me or my government to decide. That decision is for the Vietnamese. I also know that we have allowed the creation of a military monster that will lie to our elected officials; and that both of them will lie to the American people.

To those people who, while deploring the war and bombings, defend it on the basis that it is stopping communism, remember the words of the Vietnamese pilot, "I think maybe today we make many Viet Cong." The Nazi bombing of London didn't make the Londoners quit. We have no monopoly on feelings for the underdog. People of other nations will continue to be increasingly sympathetic to this small agrarian country that is being pounded by the richest and most powerful nation in the world.

WHEN I RETURNED FROM VIETNAM I was asked, "Do you resent young people who have never been in Vietnam, or in any war, protesting it?" On the contrary, I am relieved. I think they should be commended. I had to wait until I was 35 years old, after spending 10 years in the Army and 18 months personally witnessing the stupidity of the war, before I could figure it out. That these young people were able to figure it out so quickly and so accurately is not only a credit to their intelligence but a great personal triumph over a lifetime of conditioning and indoctrination. I only hope that the picture I have tried to create will help other people come to the truth without wasting 10 years. Those people protesting the war in Vietnam are not against our boys in Vietnam. On the contrary. What they are against is our boys *being* in Vietnam. They are not unpatriotic. Again the opposite is true. They are opposed to people, our own and others, dying for a lie, thereby corrupting the very word democracy.

There are those who will believe that I only started to feel these things after I returned from Vietnam. In my final weeks in that country I was putting out a very small information paper for Special Forces. The masthead of the paper was a flaming torch. I tried in my own way to bring a little light to the men with whom I worked. On the last page of the first issue were the names of four men — all friends of mine — reported killed in action on the same day. Among them was Sgt. Horner, one of the men I "procured" for Special Forces when he was stationed at the Army Presidio in San Francisco.

To those friends I wrote this dedication:

"We can best immortalize our fallen members by striving for an enlightened future where Man has found another solution to his problems rather than resorting to the futility and stupidity of war."

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The Story of Oakland, California

AS IF THE CREATION of some perverse master of idle pastimes, Oakland spreads out like a giant game board from the north shore mud flats of San Francisco Bay to the rolling hills of the coastal range. The game is "Metropoly," and, as it is played in Oakland, it must also be played by anyone living in any American city over 250,000 persons. The object is survival, and the obstacles are chronic unemployment, racial imbalance, cultural deprivation, economic strangulation, educational disparity, housing inadequacy, entrenched power, stultifying bureaucracy, and loss of identity.

Playing rules are simple. If you are among the substandard income families that make up 47 per cent of Oakland's population, you wait your turn, shake the dice, count your spaces and keep quiet. Go to jail when you are told, only pass Go when you receive permission. Pay your taxes. And above all, don't rock the board. The rules are more lax if you are one of the elite group which makes

Illustration by Dugald Stermer

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99 per cent of the decisions in Oakland. After all, you know the banker. Since the other players constantly have to land on your property, the rents they pay make it difficult to buy any houses or hotels themselves. Whatever property they do have will be the cheapest on the board, and the odds are that you will end up owning it too.

The analogy is familiar, but it applies with dismaying exactitude to life in Oakland, California, where the game of "Metropoly" is being played on a scale slightly below the epic.

[A GEOGRAPHY LESSON]

OAKLAND MAKES A NICE "Metropoly" game board since it is an "All American City." Look magazine said it was, in 1955, and a plaque from Look hangs in Oakland's marble-walled City Hall to prove it. A red, white and blue billboard reminds motorists of this honor as they speed along Oakland's perimeter on an elevated freeway that slices across depressed flatlands of marginal industry and decaying housing. The view from the freeway is a city planner's version of the seventh layer of hell: an ugly, squalid, depressing hodgepodge of commercial neighborhoods, smoke-deadened greenery and neglected residences of Victorian design and Edwardian vintage. The dominant color is gray. At the turn of the century the flatland area was a well-manicured community of bright gingerbread architecture that provided suburban housing, via ferryboat, for the more vital, if more sinful, city of San Francisco across the bay. But Oakland was doomed by its own geography. Its flatlands provide a natural base for industrial expansion of hilly San Francisco, an expansion that assumed forest-fire proportions as the twentieth century pressed on through the catalytic periods of World War I and then, World War II.

In the boom period after World War I, port facilities, heavy and light industry, stores and storage tanks crowded the flatlands, without comfort of zoning or planning, and the residents fled inland, toward the pretty hills that mark Oakland's boundary to the east and south. Middle-class workingmen's homes were built by the score between the waterfront and the hill slopes, but, within decades, only the sacrosanct hills were free from unchecked commercial blight. Pockets of minority settlements became etched into the flatland topography — chronologically, Irish, Germans, Portuguese, Chinese, Italians, Mexicans, Indians and Negroes. Illegally subdivided old homes afforded cheap housing, and as a tremendous influx of Negro workers came to Oakland to work in the shipyards during World War II ("imported," an Oakland official said, "by the Federal Government from the South"), the racial characteristics of the ghetto became well-defined.

Thus, race begins at sea level in Oakland. Some 90,000 Oakland Negroes, constituting almost one quarter of the city's total population, are jammed into restricted and blighted flatland areas on both the east and west sides of the city. As the height above sea level increases, the population becomes paler. The attractive, sylvan hill areas are reserved for expensive homes for whites. There is integration in Oakland, but it is basically the integration of necessity forced upon poor Negroes and whites alike by their economic status.

Oakland's unemployment is twice the national average, its Negro unemployment rate even higher; it is the fifth largest city in California, but its welfare case load is the second largest. A city planner estimates that Oakland needs to spend $80 million annually to keep the ghetto from the boiling point, but the city is administering less than $1 million in an ineffectual poverty program, in which the poor are excluded from participation.

The men who run Oakland have disassociated themselves, even geographically, from the acute problems of the city. The mayor lives in the chic Claremont Hotel in Berkeley; the police chief in the racially-restricted Oakland hills. Business and civic leaders also live outside the congested, depressing cityscape — or above it, in the hills. Or in Piedmont, a Caucasian mountain-city of upper-class homes surrounded on all four sides by Oakland. Their contact with the ghetto consists primarily of driving through it on the way to work. Business-dominated official Oakland's answer to the growing civic crisis occasioned by a massive minority influx, chronic unemployment and the flight of the racially insecure, home-owning whites to the more distant suburbs is, basically, more industry — and more police. If only the people in the ghetto could somehow be wished away, Oakland would make a truly splendid industrial park.

["A SPECTRE HAUNTING OAKLAND"]

OAKLAND'S LEADERS SEE A twofold spectre haunting their grimy city: the fear of an explosion from the ghetto within, and an invasion of "outside agitators" from the sprawling, adjacent Berkeley campus of the University of California. Both fears were combined last fall when the Berkeley Vietnam Day Committee (VDC) scheduled an anti-war march from the campus through Berkeley and on through the Oakland ghetto. It provoked a confrontation that set in bas-relief, before an incredulous nation, the tinderbox condition of the great Oakland ghetto and the cantankerous, running-scared mentality of the city's leaders. Oakland's anguished reaction to the prospect of anti-Vietnam War demonstrators marching through its public streets

Photographs by Erik Weber

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underscores the fear and confusion with which Oakland leaders view the intellectual Berkeley community.

Oakland's ruling mentality is basically deep-Southern: conservative, Protestant, dreary, friendly to those who accept their perspectives, vindictive toward any who challenge them. The permissive, sexually open, blatantly intellectual Berkeley community constitutes an alien and dangerous world which the Oakland Establishment is incapable of understanding and must inevitably view with suspicion. The student activists are considered beatniks, savages, Communists — ne'er-do-wells, who must be kept from disturbing the normalcy of Oakland.

Oakland has had its native rebels, but for relatively short periods of residence. Gertrude Stein was a native, but apparently left home shortly after becoming ambulatory. "The trouble with Oakland is that there's no there THERE," Miss Stein said. Jack London, also Oakland-born, ran, disastrously, for mayor on the Socialist tickets in 1901 and 1903. But Oakland has forgiven this indiscretion; it named a waterfront night-life square in London's honor. It is doubtful that the new breed of rebels plaguing the Oakland leaders will ever be treated with such nostalgia. They will not become expatriates, but will remain and insist on rubbing the world, and the ghetto, in Oakland's face. They want to remake society, and since Oakland is one of the worst examples of American society, they consider it a good place to begin.

Approximately 100 anti-Vietnam war protest marches were held in cities across the country on October 15 and 16. A Berkeley-Oakland march began in Berkeley, but it never made it into Oakland. Blue-uniformed Oakland police were massed, in a scene reminiscent of Selma — tear gas guns and billy clubs out — at the Oakland city limits sign, as some 15,000 marchers approached from Berkeley on the night of October 15. The demonstrators were turned away, and blocked again the next afternoon as another march attempted to tramp upon Oakland streets.

OAKLAND'S SINGULAR INTERPRETATION of the constitutional right of freedom of assembly was based upon numerous rationales: the danger of marching at night, possible traffic congestion in a daytime march, the city's professed inability to protect the marchers from possible, but undefined, dangers. Essentially, it was based upon the incontrovertible fact that Oakland is afraid.

It is afraid of a Watts. Life in Oakland's slums is so oppressive that Oakland Negroes have been known to suggest, sarcastically, a move to Watts to better their lot. (The Los Angeles riots, through a masterful public relations stroke by Mayor Sam Yorty, are always called the "Watts riots" — as if Watts was anything but Los Angeles' prime area of Negro restriction; but if the Oakland ghetto explodes, the city cannot escape the appellation of the "Oakland riots.")

It is afraid of outsiders, of intellectuals, of "agitators." It is afraid of anything that might upset the delicate status quo. In short, Oakland officials are afraid of the city they govern.

The VDC originally planned to engage in massive civil disobedience by means of a sit-in at the Oakland Army Terminal. But as the march date came closer, enormous pressure was brought against civil disobedience plans. Pressure from the University of California faculty, from state and national officials, but mostly, pressure from within the VDC. A large proportion of VDC participants had been arrested in the Free Speech Movement sit-in at the University's Sproul Hall the year before, and the costly experiment of mass arrest made them fearful of the prospect of another long court battle that would divert energies from anti-war agitation to legal defense. The VDC met and revised its civil disobedience ideas: it would provoke no mass arrests. It would merely march to the Oakland Army Terminal. This decision was announced a week before the parade, but Oakland authorities continued to react publicly as if they were going to be forced to arrest over 10,000 people. It made it easier to be adamant.

Oakland's hysteria was painfully obvious during a series of lengthy and fruitless meetings as VDC representatives sought permission to parade. Chief of Police Edward M. Toothman accused the negotiators of wanting to instigate a riot which would be "more bloody than Watts." Mayor John C. Houlihan, running hot and cold between moderation and obduration, charged the VDC with being "disrespectful" to Oakland and eventually decided that the attempt to march was a "challenge" to the sovereignty of Oakland.

Oakland is the heart of Alameda County and Alameda County District Attorney Frank J. Coakley played the super-patriot. He attacked what he termed the "seditious and treasonous interests" of the demonstrators. He tried, unsuccessfully, to get a federal court to deny the marchers their constitutional rights. He issued ominous press releases based on Section 2387 of the United States Criminal Code — sedition; he worked with the California Attorney General to threaten marchers with possible felony conspiracy charges; he made strange allusions to Berkeley officials "conspiring" with the VDC; he helped create a climate of crisis, whereupon California's easily-influenced Governor "Pat" Brown put the National Guard on alert, signed a paper in advance of the march declaring a state of emergency, assembled the preposterous number of 3,200 law officers at Berkeley, and had the State Highway Patrol commissioner sleep on a cot in

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his office, just in case. Kent Purcell, chairman of the Alameda County Board of Supervisors, watched the massive police preparations and shook his head. "They're crazy, those marchers, but they're not going to push us around," he said. "We'll arrest 10,000 if we have to and when the jails are full, we'll use the armory." This preparation was for the same sort of peaceful protest march that went unencumbered down Fifth Avenue in New York, and down streets of 100 other less paranoid cities that same weekend.

[CHARGE OF THE HELL'S ANGELS]

As the Oakland armed forces lined up on a Saturday afternoon in a Selma wall at the Adeline street boundary to their town, a bizarre event with the most preposterous consequences occurred. Although the police armada was sufficient to stop 8,000 marchers from entering Oakland, somehow eight Hell's Angels succeeded in getting around or through the police and into the ranks of the demonstrators. The Angels challenged the marchers to fight, ripped the loudspeaker from the rented truck that led the parade, roughed up a few demonstrators and are accused of breaking the leg of a Berkeley police sergeant during the ensuing melee. The Oakland police had known the Hell's Angels, who have a reputation for bad manners, were there — but did nothing to disperse them despite their often professed fears of a riot. "Those guys got their constitutional rights too," a police officer told one of the marchers who complained about the invading motorcyclists.

The story for the Sunday newspapers couldn't have been better if they had invented it. Hell's Angels. Vietnam Protest. Beards. Beatniks. Violence. Great copy. The Angels, the papers said, "broke up the march." This was not exactly true since the 8,000 demonstrators could not have moved one inch further without getting smashed by the Oakland police, but it served the unlikely purpose of making the Hell's Angels, who used to be nothing but cancers, some sort of momentary, patriotic heroes.

Thus, in the diffuse perspective events can take in the unreal world of Oakland, the Hell's Angels came to represent respectable Americanism, while the marchers — professors, middle-class families with their children, students, veterans, ministers, all voicing their consciences — became the misfits of society.

A threat of the Angels to interfere with the second VDC march was extremely bad news, but Oakland authorities were curiously modest about the ability of their famous police force to stop the cyclists. This was an ambivalence displayed often during the great march crisis: they were fearful of another Watts in Oakland, but on the other hand gave the vague impression that they would almost welcome a riot. It would demonstrate the truth of what they had been saying about the "agitators," and, since the permit to march had previously been denied because of the danger of a riot, would prove their point. Southern police welcome violence over racial demonstrations for the same reason: it supports their rationales for keeping the "outsiders" out.

[A BUDDHIST AMONG WARRIORS]

Allen Ginsberg was stuffing his Christmas turkey. He was in his apartment in San Francisco, but he was talking about Oakland. "Oakland needs soul cleansing," the poet-philosopher said. "It is paranoid, but its paranoia is just a reflex in a small part of the overall paranoia and insanity that is gripping the world today."

Ginsberg's analysis, Oakland officials will readily tell you, is something they can do without. They got quite enough of it last fall when Ginsberg self-cast himself as the man to bridge the human gap between Oakland, the Hell's Angels and the VDC.

Ginsberg played his Tibetan silver prayer bells and sang Buddhist chants for the protection of the demonstrators before the first march and was justifiably worried about the second. Three days before the march he went on a peace mission to the Oakland residence of Sonny Barger, the Angels' Northern California President. Accompanying the poet were Ken Kesey, the novelist, who was against the war but also for the Angels, and Neil Cassidy, Kesey's side-kick and the hero of Jack Kerouac's novel *On The Road*. Ginsberg later issued a hand-printed press release which told the *whole* story:

"Ralph Barger, president of the Hell's Angels, entertained Ken Kesey, Neil Cassidy and Allen Ginsberg on Wednesday night in his home in Oakland. Also there were numerous Hell's Angels. The conversation ranged from the Vietnam Day Committee March to Buddhist philosophy. The night was relaxed and friendly and ended in singing and dancing. Kesey said he was on the side of the Angels and that he wished all blessed. Sonny Barger said that the Angels' previous declarations of peaceful intent on the Vietnam March had been underplayed by the press... Barger explained the Angels' position as one of pro-Americanism and patriotism. Barger felt that a Communist victory in Vietnam would lead to a police state in America. Everybody present agreed that America was already too much of a police state. Some guests were sympathetic to the Vietnam Day Committee and explained that the march was an anti-war march, not pro-Communist march. That the majority of the marchers were equally opposed to a further growth of the police state.

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They also pointed out that the war was creating police state conditions everywhere. A Buddhist prayer (the highest, perfect prayer which says that the universe is an illusion) was chanted, as well as other high, holy songs. The host, Mr. Barger, put Bob Dylan's "Gates of Eden" on the phonograph and also "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue." He also said he enjoyed Joan Baez' music. The evening ended with a collective sigh and the good wishes that other potential hotheads might find their way to conduct themselves with the same cool this weekend."

As a peacemaker, Ginsberg should commute between Washington and Hanoi. The Angels called a press conference to announce that, in the interest of tranquility, they would not attend the march on Saturday but would "go drink some suds" instead. Sonny Barger also announced that he had sent a telegram to President Johnson offering the services of the Angels, en masse, as "Gorilla" fighters in Vietnam.

There was a feeling prevalent among VDC members that the Angels represented the "new wave of facism," and were put up to their interference with the march by the desperate Oakland authorities. But Ginsberg said this is nonsense, that the Angels actually believed the marchers were mostly Communists. The attitude of the Angels towards the marchers was not much different from the American public as a whole, he said. "The Angels are in the center of the American consensus," the poet said. "Didn't Vice-President Humphrey suggest the peace marchers were dominated by Communists? Any misinformation the Angels get either about the war or about the march is from the mass media and is misinformation shared by the American public at large. After all, when the Angels very crudely announce that if we don't fight in Vietnam the Commies are going to start getting us in California, they only repeat a line which is expressed in more sophisticated fashion by spokesmen for the Johnson Administration." Ginsberg was critical of the VDC, also. He said they had no proper *upaya* (an Indian word, literally translated "method"). "In a situation surrounded with hostility, the VDC had no real means of transmitting wisdom," he said.

If to no one else, the VDC certainly had trouble transmitting their wisdom to Oakland officials. The city resisted plans for the second march down to the last final hours, although under orders from a federal judge to "reach an agreement" on the parade route with the VDC.

Ex-Senator Knowland refers to Berkeley as the "Polish Corridor" through which the invading VDC marchers pass on their way to the strategic target — Oakland. The void between the two worlds of Oakland and Berkeley loomed immense in those fitful days of discussion before the march in mid-November. An exasperated VDC leader surveyed the gap: "What we didn't understand was that our frame of reference was so different from that of Oakland. When we think of the results of denying us the right to march we think of students, the liberals, the press headlines, the difficulty of talking about Vietnam and the great ease with which discussion of Vietnam is related to the right to protest. But the problem was that the police and city manager are thinking about their responsibility to the merchants, the right-wing letter writers, and to people who give money to political campaigns, the Establishment interests. And to them, giving us a permit to march is appeasement and cowardly and they are not fulfilling their responsibilities."

Oakland, intransigent, went down to defeat before a Federal Court order. It is indicative of the city's mentality that, rather than deal realistically with a situation it disliked, it would make the Federal Government step in and force it to go along. This is the classic pattern of Southern resistance to civil rights progress. In Oakland, even if you can't shoot, you must stick to your guns.

[THE MEN AT THE BARRICADES — 1]

Assemblyman Don Mulford

ABSOLUTELY THE BIGGEST DAY in Assemblyman Don Mulford's life was on the seventh day of the Watts riots when the telephone rang in his Oakland office. The call was long distance; Los Angeles Police Chief William Parker was on the line. Parker invited Mulford to fly down and ride with the police through the riot-torn area the next day, an invitation Mulford accepted with alacrity. It is not every week that the police chief of one of the nation's biggest cities asks you, in person, to ride around with him and watch his town burn down. This was just Chief Parker's way of expressing his appreciation for Mulford's efforts in the California State Legislature on behalf of policemen. For instance, Mulford is the author of a new law which makes it a felony to assault a policeman in California. He has always been strong on law and order.

Don Mulford represents the white and rich part of Oakland, but mostly he represents the 18th century. A Republican from the monied, mountain community of Piedmont that overlooks the Oakland slums, his Assembly seat is secure as long as he remains in favor of motherhood and the American flag. He has been very busy with the American flag lately because his district includes that part of Berkeley which is the University of California — where recent events have given him heartburn. The Assemblyman is extremely concerned over the "agitation" at the University, his alma mater and also his wife's. He believes that the social protests on campus were "professionally

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organized" by people "oriented toward the Mao brand of communism." The Assemblyman tells of his briefing by "security people" who told him the University is a sort of training ground for agitators who then move on to bigger and better things. Mario Savio, he points out (as if to prove his intelligence report), is now at the University of London.

Mulford believes that the VDC's attempt to march against the wishes of the Oakland police was a "threat of anarchy." He says the VDC used the campus to plan illegal acts in Oakland, and sees as many conspiracies at the University as the late junior senator from Wisconsin saw in the State Department. "I have in front of me a list of 54 incidents of illegal activities taking place in the classrooms on the Berkeley campus of the University of California," the Assemblyman melodramatically told a startled junior chamber of commerce audience during the Vietnam protest hoopla. Alameda County District Attorney Coakley, a man who would like nothing better than to prosecute a good conspiracy on the University campus, had to tell Mulford that there was nothing to the "incidents," unless the legislator had more specifics. Mulford didn't.

[THE MEN AT THE BARRICADES — II]

District Attorney J. Frank Coakley

GANGBUSTERS. That is Alameda County District Attorney J. Frank Coakley. He is gangbusters against the Red Menace; gangbusters against murderers, armed robbers and dope addicts. But he is not so gangbusters against civil rights violations. Or the crimes of corporations. Or police brutality. A hanging D.A. whenever he can be, Coakley believes in stiff punishment for ordinary criminals; he knows nothing of the sociology of crime. A prototype of the tough D.A. so favored in American cities, he is an honest, tough man who is hipped, lately, on two things: anti-communism and the young radicals at the University of California.

Coakley's debut in the prosecution business came in 1944, when he was a legal officer in the Navy. A munitions ship, the Port Chicago, blew up in an East Bay shipyard and over 300 people were killed. Most of the dead were Negroes who had been brought from the South to work in the yards. Fifty Negroes who had lived through the explosion refused to go on loading ammunition. The Navy decided to prosecute them for mutiny and Coakley got the case. He prosecuted it with a vengeance. It was the biggest mutiny trial in Navy history.

Coakley tried to prove that an organized conspiracy existed, beginning a long career of conspiracy-conjuring. In summing up his case he said of the 50 Negro sailors, "Any man so depraved as to be afraid to load ammunition deserves no leniency." And Coakley had his way. The 50 Negroes got no leniency from the court. They received sentences ranging up to 15 years in prison. Thurgood Marshall, the present United States Solicitor General, was at the trial as an observer and wrote a report in which he described the trial as an example of the Navy's discrimination policy against Negroes. Whether it was a case of discrimination with Coakley or not it was clear that he had utter contempt for the sailors. Typical of the way he handled them on the witness stand was his interrogation of Seaman Frank E. Henry: "Don't you know you're guilty of insubordination for not having called me sir?" roared Coakley. Henry shook his head blankly.

Coakley's most dogged prosecution of a case as District Attorney was the trial of an 18-year-old Negro shoeshine boy, Jerry Newsom, for the murders of a white Oakland pharmacist and his Negro assistant. Coakley's office strained through three trials to get a murder conviction — one decision against Newsom was reversed by the California Supreme Court, the other two ended in hung juries.

Coakley's hunger for a conviction in the Newsom case led him into some strange activities. One of Newsom's attorneys discovered a hidden microphone planted in the visitor's room in the county jail. The attorney raised a public outcry about it. Coakley was unabashed in taking full credit for having the mike planted. Of course, he explained that he had no intention of listening in on a privileged conversation with an attorney; it was just 18-year-old Newsom's conversation with his girl friend that he was interested in. Said Coakley, the sleuth:

"That mike was put there for the entirely legal purpose of helping to solve one of the worst murders in the history of the state."

Newsom's defense attorney was Robert Treuhaft, a left-wing Oakland lawyer who handled most of the police brutality cases during the 1950's, when other local attorneys preferred not to antagonize the police department. The Newsom case apparently became an obsession with Coakley, who has since carried a grudge against both Treuhaft and his wife, Jessica Mitford, Oakland's leading intellectual-in-residence. Newsom was eventually sent to prison on an unrelated robbery charge, and Coakley marked his calendar every year to send a letter to the Adult Authority stating, in effect, that Newsom should be treated as a murderer, not a robber, and never paroled. Civil rights groups developed an interest in Newsom's case and began to agitate for his parole. This infuriated Coakley. In one of his running letters to the Adult Authority, he hinted that the "brazen tactics" of the "Civil Rights Congress, the People's World [the then Com-

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munist daily], and other subversives," had somehow influenced the State Supreme Court to reverse the trial. Actually, the ground for reversal was the fact that the prosecution suppressed evidence that would have hurt its case — a police report of fingerprints (not Newsom's) taken from the druggist's rifled cash box.

During a 1960 State Assembly hearing on criminal procedure, Coakley took the witness stand to defend his handling of the Newsom case. The District Attorney, a short, pudgy man with a winsome, red face, also took the occasion to announce the existence of another conspiracy. This time he linked Treuhaft and his authoress wife, who had been involved in civil rights activities, together with Treuhaft's law partner, in a plot connected with the "Communist cause" aimed at discrediting the District Attorney's office.

The Alameda County District Attorney's office is a large one, and Coakley infrequently takes an active role in trying cases. But when the Free Speech Movement developed at the University, Coakley saw a political hue of red. The District Attorney felt certain there was a Communist base to the FSM, and set out to prove it. Treuhaft was arrested in Sproul Hall during the big sit-in, and many people believe that Coakley wanted the arrest because he saw the political possibilities in getting Treuhaft (with left-wing ties in his background) linked with the students. Treuhaft was in Sproul Hall as an observer-attorney at the request of the FSM, and was in the press room talking to reporters when Coakley's deputy district attorney walked in. "Somebody is here who is not a member of the press," said the deputy. "Well, that makes two of us," said Treuhaft. The deputy D.A. looked at a sheriff who was in the room, and Treuhaft was arrested. The case is still pending.

Coakley's visions of conspiracy by no means ended with his discovery of the Treuhaft-Mitford axis. At one point in his running court battle against the VDC, Coakley suggested that the city of Berkeley itself was involved in some sort of cooperation with the VDC to "aid and abet" what he termed "seditious" activities. Gangbusters against Berkeley!

[MEN AT THE BARRICADES — III]

The Knowlands

THE SLOGAN ON THE EDITORIAL PAGE of the Oakland Tribune says "Home Owned, Controlled, Edited," and that is about the truest statement ever printed in Oakland's leading and only daily newspaper. Oakland citizens call the paper "the old lady of Oakland" because it is so stodgy, but reportedly 50 per cent of the people in Oakland who can read, read it. Yearly profits are close to $1 million. It is not fair to say that the Tribune is the most reactionary newspaper in California. It did, after all, support Goldwater for president whereas the Santa Ana Register, in the heart of Southern California's Orange County, refused to support the Republican candidate because they considered him too liberal.

The Tribune is now in the hands of former United States Senator William F. Knowland. Knowland was a Senator from California until he decided to come home and get beaten for governor, but he was best known as the "Senator from Formosa," because of his heavy-handed support of Chiang Kai-shek. He assumed the management of the paper from his 81-year-old father, "Old Joe" Knowland, one of the wealthiest men in California and for decades the "biggest man" in Oakland.

With the Knowlands at the helm of the Tribune, there is little "disharmony" in Oakland, and if there is, the paper doesn't report it. The Tribune doesn't admit to any race problem in the city, and is extremely proud of its role in promoting a huge new sports arena and a new museum, and in talking the public and the Federal Government into building an "Oakland International Airport"— a white elephant ever since it opened.

Knowland runs a tight ship. Pinkerton guards stand at the doorways of the Tribune Building to make sure employees don't take home a paper without paying for it (10 cents). No "outsiders" are allowed into the Tribune's library (known to late evening television movie audiences as the "morgue") without a court order, though the availability of clipping files to the general public is considered traditional public service by most newspapers. Restrictive editorial policies have prompted much unrest among Tribune employees. Al Reck, a dissident city editor, staged a sit-down strike several years ago, then quit in disgust before he could be fired.

Knowland becomes upset if someone suggests that the Tribune runs Oakland. His view of the paper is that it just covers the news and states its opinions on occasion. That's it. In one sense, he is right. The Tribune and the Knowland family have been so powerful for so long in Oakland that they have succeeded in molding the type of city they want and establishing a system of priorities to their liking. The system seems to be working very well, and Knowland really has no further need to push people around. Needless to say, the Knowland's list of priorities does not include any essential change in the city's social structure. Knowland is analogous, now, to an old baron preparing for retirement, his kingdom well-organized and running itself. He has disassociated himself from state and even city active politics, and spends his time tending to his newspaper and various civic boards, and his family —

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including "eight grandchildren and two 200-lb. St. Bernards." A friendly, congenial man with a gray crew-cut and ruddy face, he is fond of saying that Oakland has achieved that euphemism of politicians, "Progressive government."

Knowland's strong right-wing hand in running the paper is Paul Manolis, who was Knowland's administrative assistant in the Senate. Manolis is considered a very powerful man in Oakland because it is he who allows the ex-Senator's wishes to be known to the Oakland Establishment. The new upsurge of social unrest in Berkeley has given Knowland his first genuine cause since Chiang began to talk about invading the mainland. Tribune front page editorials have complained that radicals and beatniks are using the tax-supported University of California to stage assaults upon the city of Oakland, and have accused the VDC of working for a Communist victory in Vietnam. Knowland even takes a strong hand in counting bodies at the demonstrations. (While most other bay area newspapers estimated there were 15,000 marchers on October 15th, Knowland's paper reported the number as 4,000.) It could hardly be expected that the estimate of the ex-Senator's paper would be anything but conservative.

[MEN AT THE BARRICADES — IV]

Mayor John C. Houlihan

SHORTLY AFTER THE Los Angeles riots, a group of Oakland Negro leaders decided the community must take precautions to prevent a similar disaster in the tense Oakland ghetto. They asked Mayor John C. Houlihan for a meeting, a proposition to which Houlihan reluctantly assented. Before the scheduled meeting, Houlihan said at a public gathering: "Tomorrow I have to meet with the biggest bunch of kooks ever assembled in the city of Oakland." That is typical of the political style of Mayor Houlihan, called "Hooligan" by his detractors and "a fighting Irish mayor" by his supporters. Houlihan is touted as the "new face" of Oakland — a reform, energetic mayor, eager to deal with massive civic problems and, unlike the older and more conservative men who used to run the city, willing to work with the Federal monolith. He is representative of the breed of American mayors who came into office in the post-New Deal period.

Houlihan is also considered an intellectual, a tenuous status made official by his assignment as a consultant to the high-minded Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara. The mayor loves to sit at the green felt-covered conference table in the Center's mansion atop a picturesque Santa Barbara hill and discuss the problems of the core city in America, and particularly what Oakland is doing in leading the way to solve them. Houlihan's trips to the Center are reminiscent of the last days of Russian nobility just before the Revolution. They would meet and academically discuss the serious problems of their country with no conception that the problems really were *serious*, and the country was about to explode. Houlihan and his former City Manager, Wayne Thompson, who has since fled to higher ground and better pay as manager of a large midwest department store chain spent several sessions at the Center last year talking about their city. The mayor and the city manager had some original contributions to make on the role of private enterprise in municipal management. Thompson said Oakland was curbing the "socialistic trend" of cities — socialistic things like running an emergency ambulance service. The job is better done under contract by private industry, Thompson said. He said he would like to see the fire department taken over by an insurance company, and some enterprising businessman open branch libraries around the city. Houlihan got kind of excited about that idea: "I can see where we would have to require that certain reference books be carried in that library and that library be open so many hours and so on and so forth," the mayor said, "but we wouldn't try to tell them what kind of books to have on the shelf."

One of Oakland's most essential fits of municipal genius was to hire out the garbage business. The City Manager used garbage to make a point about his concept of how the modern city should be run. As the resident intellectuals of Santa Barbara listened in wonderment, Thompson said, "Look at some of the garbage department employees in other cities and you find a man who...you sometimes wonder, if he really has his heart in his work when he goes around picking up that garbage. He is a government employee and he doesn't appear to have much spirit. But come into our city, Oakland, and watch that garbage man. Boy, he just pounces down that street, his head is high and he is whistling and smiling and he really loves his job, for he is a part-owner of that company, and if you are ever out with him socially, he will invite you to go duck hunting at his duck club and that sort of thing. You won't find that in any other city besides Oakland."

Mayor Houlihan said that Oakland's unemployment rate runs between four and five per cent above the national average because "we are the reception center for Southern migrants. Also 8,000 American Indians, whose chances for employment are very slim, have been deposited in Oakland," he said. The depositor is the Federal Government which, in Houlihan's view, has done Oakland wrong in the past and is going to have to spend a lot of money to make good in the future. For instance, he is resentful of the fact that Federal shipyards attracted tens of thou-

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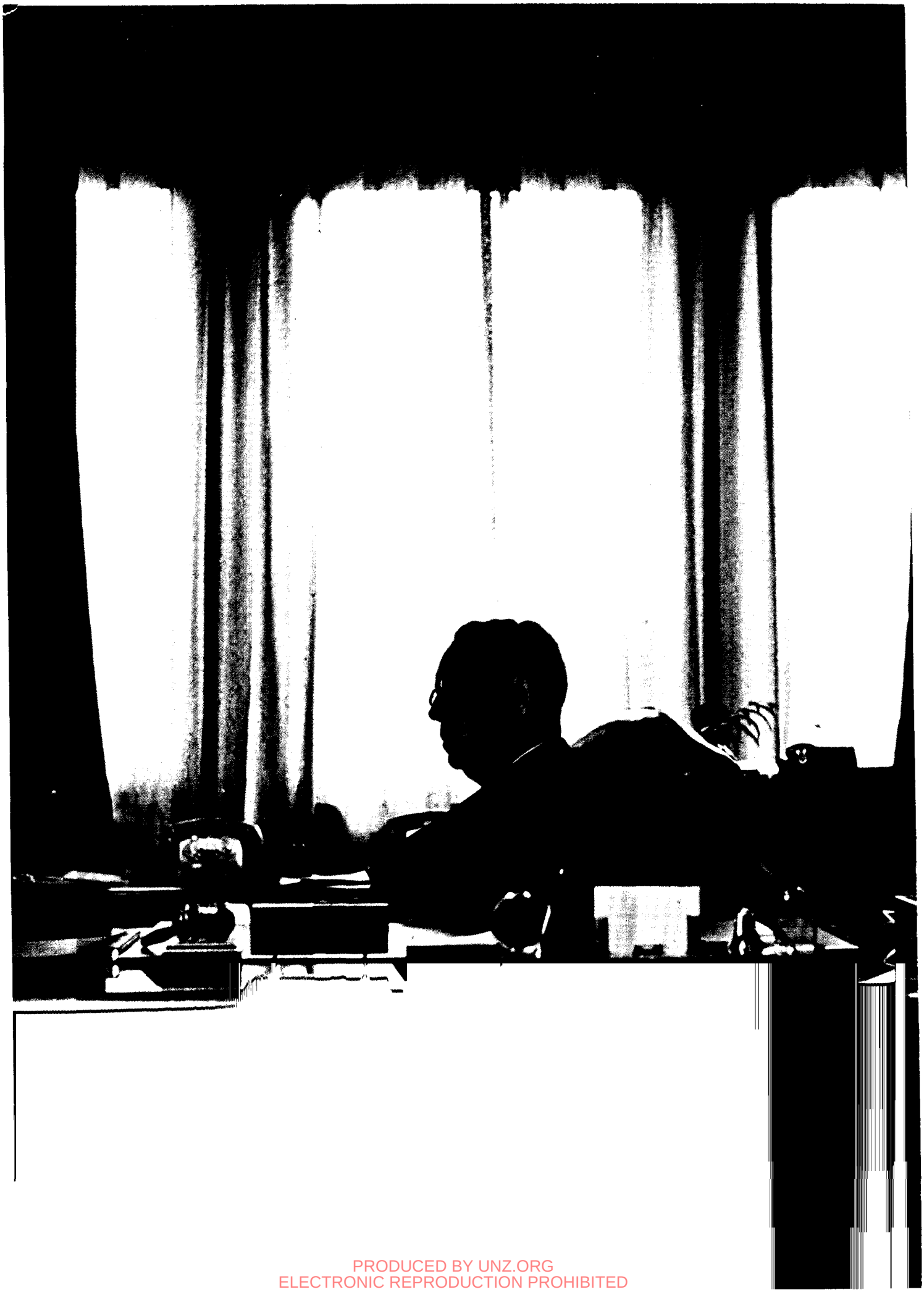

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sands of Negroes to Oakland during World War II — Negroes still in Oakland. "The Federal Government sent recruiters through the South and everybody they saw standing on the street corner, doing nothing, they went up to them and said 'how would you like to go to California? All expenses paid, and you will make a lot of money every day.' They said, 'Well, I can't do anything,' and the recruiter said, 'they'll teach you . . .' "

THE UNDERLYING RATIONALE of the city administration is that no program can be viable unless it is instigated and administered at the City Hall level. That is known in cruder language as "keeping the lid on." Listen to Mayor Houlihan at a City Council meeting. Under discussion is the request of some ghetto organizations to lessen racial tension by establishing a police review board: "We have only heard from the minority in the community and not from the majority who vote the members of the City Council and who pay the bulk of the taxes. We have an obligation to consider the wishes of the rest of the community, not the most vocal part of the community."

Listen, also, to His Honor Houlihan on the question of who "controls" the poverty program: "We don't have machine politics in the West like they have in the big eastern and mid-western cities so we haven't had the problem of control over the poverty money for the purposes of political patronage. Nevertheless, we control all the money. We [City Hall] must approve all the policies made by the poverty program."

Oakland doesn't have a machine. It has a computer. New city councilmen are appointed, click, click, very efficiently, when an incumbent steps down.

There is rarely such a thing as an open seat in the City Council come election time. If a man is retiring, it is cricket for him to resign early so a kindred spirit may be appointed in his place and have the advantage of running as an "incumbent." Mayor Houlihan considers this "just damn good politics. If you have a good team doing a good job, it's easier to pick a man rather than go out and get an entire new person. I think it is a compliment that a man who is thinking of leaving will come and tell the Council and give them a chance to replace him." Houlihan does not take umbrage at the suggestion that a club is running City Hall. "What's evil in a club? Both major parties have done it this way for years. I don't think it's evil. If we pick a bad man he will be defeated."

Houlihan calls Oakland a "well-integrated city." He is especially proud that the city recently retired a Negro fire captain and that there is a Negro captain in the police department. The pride in these two individuals is the key to Houlihan's attitude toward minority problems. He deals with "respectable" and "responsible" Negroes, the older, more conservative, middle-class, civil servant-type Negro, and he honestly feels that he is communicating with the Negro masses. Other, more militant and less respectful Negro leaders are *per se* irresponsible. They don't represent anybody. If there is trouble, it is explainable in the George Wallace syndrome: there is nothing wrong here. Our Negro people are good people. Trouble is the work of outside agitators — radicals from Berkeley, the dissident elements in the community.

In the city's approach to other problems of the modern metropolis, there is the same air of total reasonableness — and a sense of grasping at straws. The city cannot cope with its problems, it looks to the Federal Government, to private industry. The leaders surround themselves with organizational superstructures and with activity: new agencies, a new sports palace, new buildings going up so the people in the hills can look down and feel that things are happening, that everything is all right.

[MEN AT THE BARRICADES — V]

Police Chief Edward M. Toothman

OAKLAND POLICE HEADQUARTERS is in a sterile new, ten-story, downtown bastille next to a freeway. The big picture window in operations headquarters on the eighth floor affords an excellent view of the ghetto, and legend has it that police officials gather there at dusk on Friday afternoons and pray for fog. If the fog comes in, as it often does from the San Francisco Bay, there is a deep relief among the constabulary. The fog cools things off; no Watts that weekend.

That is a quasi-apocryphal story but it represents the tension between the ghetto and the cops, just as the modern new building reflects the computerized mentality of Oakland's current Police Chief, Edward M. Toothman. Toothman prides himself on running a well-paying police force which recruits rookie candidates throughout the land from universities with police science courses. The Oakland Police Department is considered something of a model force and Look magazine, which thinks a lot of Oakland, wrote it up as such in 1962. This was nice for a change because the Oakland force used to be one of the most corrupt in the nation. In the late '40s Oakland was worse than a small southern town. The cops beat Negroes whenever they were picked up, and rolled drunks openly in the streets. The brutality became so blatant and the corruption so extensive that the California State Legislature launched an investigation into the Oakland force. The police chief resigned under pressure and one officer was sent to San Quentin. A reform police chief named

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Wyman Vernon came in and pulled all the roots out of the department. He professionalized it. He was incorruptible; he laid down the law to his men. And, surprise for a police chief, he was genuinely concerned with civil liberties and civil rights. Like all good things in Oakland, Vernon didn't last. Toothman assumed office in 1959 and has had a difficult time filling his predecessor's footprints. A traffic specialist with academic credentials from the Northwestern University Traffic Institute, but with no deep understanding of social problems, the Chief is honest and hardworking, though a rigid and insecure man who has difficulty accepting new ideas. He had, for instance, a good deal of trouble accepting a Federal Court judge's decision allowing Vietnam demonstrators to march on his streets. He called the decision "undemocratic," and complained that the judge wouldn't let the demonstrators go on federal property (the Army Terminal) but allowed them on Oakland property (his streets). Besides, Toothman said, there were tremendous traffic problems connected with the march.

The Oakland Police Chief, who once banned an issue of Playboy from Oakland stands, said frankly that he believed Communists were behind the agitation at the University of California. He said his intelligence squad men know "every move the local Communists make," and assigned his chief of intelligence to infiltrate the Berkeley-based VDC months before the march. A large, heavyset man, balding, with heavy eyebrows and basset hound bags under his eyes, the Chief is annoyed by complaints of Negro organizations about police brutality and inefficiency. He denied a rumor that Oakland police don't answer calls in Negro areas. Every complaint is logged on an IBM card, he said, and "sometimes the police were accused of having too many men in the Negro areas." He said any claim of police brutality is thoroughly checked out by his Internal Affairs Department (but Oakland civil rights attorneys often advise their clients not to give information about alleged police brutality to the Internal Affairs Department because the depositions mysteriously turn up being used by the prosecution as incriminating evidence).

There are only 19 Negroes out of over 600 men on the Oakland Police Department. Toothman says he has difficulty getting "qualified Negro applicants." This is not difficult to understand. Being a Negro is bad enough in Oakland, but the cops are hated so much there that to be a Negro *and* a cop is almost masochistic. One Negro on the Oakland force who gets around a lot is Odom Sylvester. Sylvester is a captain, and Toothman is in the habit of bringing Sylvester along whenever he has to meet with Negroes.

The Chief brought Sylvester with him, for instance, when he met with the people who were picketing his home last fall. Toothman became very angry when some 300 people showed up outside his residence high in the Oakland hills to bring home to the Chief their demands for a police review board. He was so angry that he called his office and told 45 cops to come out and bring their gas masks. Then he rushed outside and told Negro leader Eugene Stovall: "I won't be intimidated by you people." The Chief was absolutely flabbergasted that the ghetto people would come up to the hills and picket his house. *His house!* He told Stovall of all the things he had done for "you people." He said he always consulted with "your leaders." And now, he waved his hand at the line of pickets; look what they'd gone and done. Stovall said that demonstrations acted as a pressure valve on the ghetto tensions and limited the prospect of a full-scale riot. "If the Negro community wants to riot, it's up to them," the exasperated Chief said. Then he went back inside, leaving the 45 cops and 300 pickets in his front yard. It was clear that Toothman was visibly shaken by the encounter. In his own *front yard.* Pickets. Negroes. Unheard of. Upsetting. Out of line. Radicals. Negroes. And in his *own front yard!*

[THE POWER APPARATUS]

YOU HAD TO RING FIVE TIMES, then the freight elevator came rumbling down, very slowly, and an elderly, thin-faced man with a gray crew-cut opened the steel cage he operates in an Oakland office building from nine to five. His name is Ronald Cooley and he has had his ups and downs in Oakland politics for many years, both in labor activities and in the municipal machine. He semi-retired to the elevator business in 1950, but he knows how power operates in Oakland: "No one runs for election in Alameda County, people are appointed . . . The Knowlands were always the big name in Oakland politics . . . but another big man was Earl Warren" (former Governor of California, now United States Supreme Court Chief Justice). The back-scratching syndrome that keeps the Oakland political wheels grinding smoothly is like a connect-the-dots game. When you draw in enough lines you get the whole picture. From his long political memory Cooley sketched a few dots, taking Warren's local career as an example. The key position in local patronage is District Attorney. The D.A. makes the deals. Warren, with the backing of the Knowlands, began his Oakland career as an Assistant District Attorney, an appointee of D.A. Ezra Dacoto. Dacoto later kindly stepped down to make room for Warren's elevation to District Attorney. Not one to forget a favor, when Warren became governor he appointed

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Dacoto to the first vacancy on the Alameda County Superior Court bench. Then there was that little matter of Warren, as governor, appointing Bill Knowland to fill an unexpired term in the U.S. Senate.

The same merry-go-round pattern prevails in Oakland municipal politics. This sort of stagnation can go on because the Oakland voters are generally apathetic. The city itself is so depressing that it is difficult to get charged up over the idea of going to the polls to do something about it. Part of the reason for this stagnant politics in Oakland is the labor movement, Cooley said. Labor has big muscles on bread and butter issues, but never challenges the power structure. Labor leaders are conservative and generally satisfied with the status quo in terms of working conditions and wages. They are also secretly concerned about minority agitation for more union jobs for nonwhites.

IT IS DIFFICULT, and, if your Epicurean sensitivities are beyond the Doggy Diner, impossible to get a civilized meal in the downtown section of Oakland. There are no good restaurants. The area is so miserable that no one would venture there in the evening, and at lunch time all of the important people downtown — the big businessmen, city officials, judges — eat at private clubs. This dining pattern is representative of the exclusiveness of Oakland's decision-making process. If you do not belong to the Elks Club or The Athenian Nile Club, or to one of the Masonic Clubs, you are on the outs. You eat at a lousy sandwich shop and the guy having the chicken soup next to you is on the outs, too. Thus, decisions bearing on the future of the city are made by a small group of self-elected men — leaders in industry, some politicians, labor leaders, a few civil servants, members of social and civic boards. The mass of Oakland citizenry is supine, apathetic and impotent.

There is a descriptive phrase for this singularity of collective decision-making: "power structure." A power structure is necessarily amorphous because power, like electricity, is invisible. All you can see is what it does. In Oakland, it maintains order. It keeps the boat from rocking, or even swaying. It is heavily business-oriented. When "Old Joe" Knowland's political machine began to decay a decade ago, the younger men who moved into the gap were business bosses. Unlike the old-style political bosses, they did not desire power for its own sake, but to keep the community safe for the efficient functioning of business and industry.

It is not unusual to have a coalition of industrial and political leaders making the big decisions in American cities, but the situation in Oakland is entirely out of hand. Dr. Floyd Hunter, a respected sociologist who has extensively studied community decision making, said that what stands for business and what stands for politics in Oakland have melded, fused, interlocked and become undistinguishable. Oakland's City Hall is an "enlightened part of the civic machine of business bossism," he said. The City Government has become a "co-ordinating effort for the business community." Big businessmen sit on the committees concerned with city policies. A city manager form of government was installed to put municipal government on a "business-like basis." The people who run City Hall were responsible for getting the mammoth Kaiser Industries to headquarter in a skyline-dominating edifice overlooking the city's Lake Merritt. A necessary corollary of this is that Kaiser plays a very important role in city politics. (Kaiser, an industrialist who was made largely by the largesse of federal spending, has eased the way for acceptance of federal aid for things like redevelopment. The Knowlands, junior and senior, still consider the proper functions of the federal administration to be limited to minting the coins of the realm and maintaining the armed forces.)

Dr. Hunter sees in the Oakland power structure the penultimate merger of the two vast systems of patronage in the United States: business and government. This pooling of psyches has produced the ideology central to all of Oakland decision making: the panacea for all civic problems is to bring in more industry which will generate economic growth which will somehow, one day, filter down to the people in the ghetto. In the meantime, the poor must be kept, at a minimum of local expense, in a large, supine relief pool and prevented from creating any social unrest that might affect the climate for attracting new industry.

The power structure in Oakland has no formal apparatus, nor does it need one. A "lively communications circuit" of informal clearances and "cues" on policy decisions is largely handled by professionals in the business-oriented municipal government "who do not necessarily need to be told what to do or not to do, but through long experience in handling policy matters can anticipate, or are thoroughly convinced that they can anticipate, the reactions of the higher echelons of decision," Hunter said.

Despite an unwrinkled power apparatus, Oakland is a city in panic. The men at the top are fearful — and their fear drifts down through the labyrinthian channels of authority. It is a faint, uncertain fear, like the blip-blip-blip of a distant earth-circling satellite, that somehow, something is drastically wrong with their city. Oakland's industrial plant is aging, a large portion of its commercial areas are already decayed. Industry has moved out because other cities can give them a better deal and, in any event, Oakland is a depressing place. (Ironically, neighbor-

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ing San Leandro, which discourages Negro residents, is successfully wooing Oakland industrial firms by offering tax advantages Oakland cannot match because of its large Negro welfare expenditures.) The tax base is evaporating as white families, afraid also, flee toward the suburbs. And, though the men lunching at the Athenian Club seldom talk about it, the shadows cast by the thousands of able men standing idly on street corners get longer, and grimmer, each day. The Oakland leaders simply do not recognize the enormity of their problems. They do not even realize that the problems are bigger than they are.

[THE POVERTY SUPERSTRUCTURE]
Or, How You Can Drive a Jaguar While Helping the Poor to Riches

EVEN IN THE HOPELESS WORLD of the Oakland ghetto, there was a brief, shining moment of optimism when the great Johnsonian War Against Poverty was promulgated. This was the program designed to begin closing the gap between the "Two Americas"—the America of the Oakland hills and the Oakland flatlands. That no economist or social critic of any stature ever took seriously the prospect of the program eliminating poverty in the nation — there simply wasn't enough money appropriated — is understandable when you look at the funds that trickled down to Oakland. Dr. Floyd Hunter estimated it would take $80 million to *begin* to do something substantive about eliminating poverty in Oakland. The sundry social and welfare service agencies in the city estimated they needed $8 million *yearly* just to perform their jobs adequately. But the poverty program is allotting only $800,000 per year — and most of this money goes to the bureaucrats rather than the poor.

Despite such obvious limitations, the War on Poverty managed to spark the enthusiasm of those bounding optimists, the liberals. Their hopes were centered on the political possibilities of the program, a hope The New Republic, which should have known better, summed up:

> *The hope for the poverty program was not that it would wipe out poverty overnight but that it would begin to revive the instruments of representative governments which lie in wreck and ruin in the fast-growing Negro slums that now are the core of the American City.*

The sentence in the poverty program enabling legislation which caused such excitement said there would be "maximum feasible participation of the poor" in formulating and carrying out the poverty programs. The concept of involving the poor in the making of policy made the poverty program, as originally announced, the most far-reaching piece of social legislation since the New Deal. But what seemed a bold and radical plan for regenerating some life in the dormant slums of America is becoming, in the reality of big city politics, just the opposite — the politicians and bureaucrats, instead of liberating the poor, are using the poverty program to strengthen their own entrenched positions. In Oakland, it happened faster than you can say John C. Houlihan.

From his prime list of "reasonable men" — the "responsible" leaders of business, labor, the social agencies — Mayor Houlihan appointed the members of a group called the Oakland Economic Development Council. The poor were not represented. The Council adopted the city-run Department of Human Resources as its staff, whipped out a 180-page request for poverty funds, and sent it off to Washington. Only after the program was approved and the $800,000 was in the bank did the council set up the ghetto area "Advisory Councils" — the instrumentalities that were supposed to involve the poor in the program. But there was nothing for the Councils to do; the program was in operation, the professionals had already decided what the poor needed.

Houlihan considers the poverty program one of the proudest accomplishments of his administration. On paper it is an exemplary program — the poverty superstructure is in place, the bureaucrats are spending their $800,000. But there is no intention of fulfilling the central idea of the poverty program: allowing the people to develop their own leaders and express their own needs. In fact, the constitution of the Oakland poverty program specifically prohibits the neighborhood Councils from making any policy decisions. In this anal-retentive form of municipal management, everything must be kept within the safe City Hall structure. The officials are actually *afraid* of involving the poor. The important thing is to keep the machinery functioning smoothly; the poor might get out of hand and foul up the program being run for their own good.

HOULIHAN HAS TWO "REASONABLE" Negroes in key jobs in the Oakland poverty program. One is Judge Lionel Wilson, a highly respected and intelligent jurist who is chairman of the Oakland Economic Development Council. He took the job only after he was assured by the mayor that he would be independent of City Hall. But there is no need for City Hall pressure, because the poverty program has done nothing to challenge the power structure, and Judge Wilson is not the person to take it in that direction. Wilson is a good and humane leader, but like most liberals in positions of responsibility, he tends to be skeptical about the possibilities of the poor organizing themselves. He views the rebels in the ghetto who are trying to goad the

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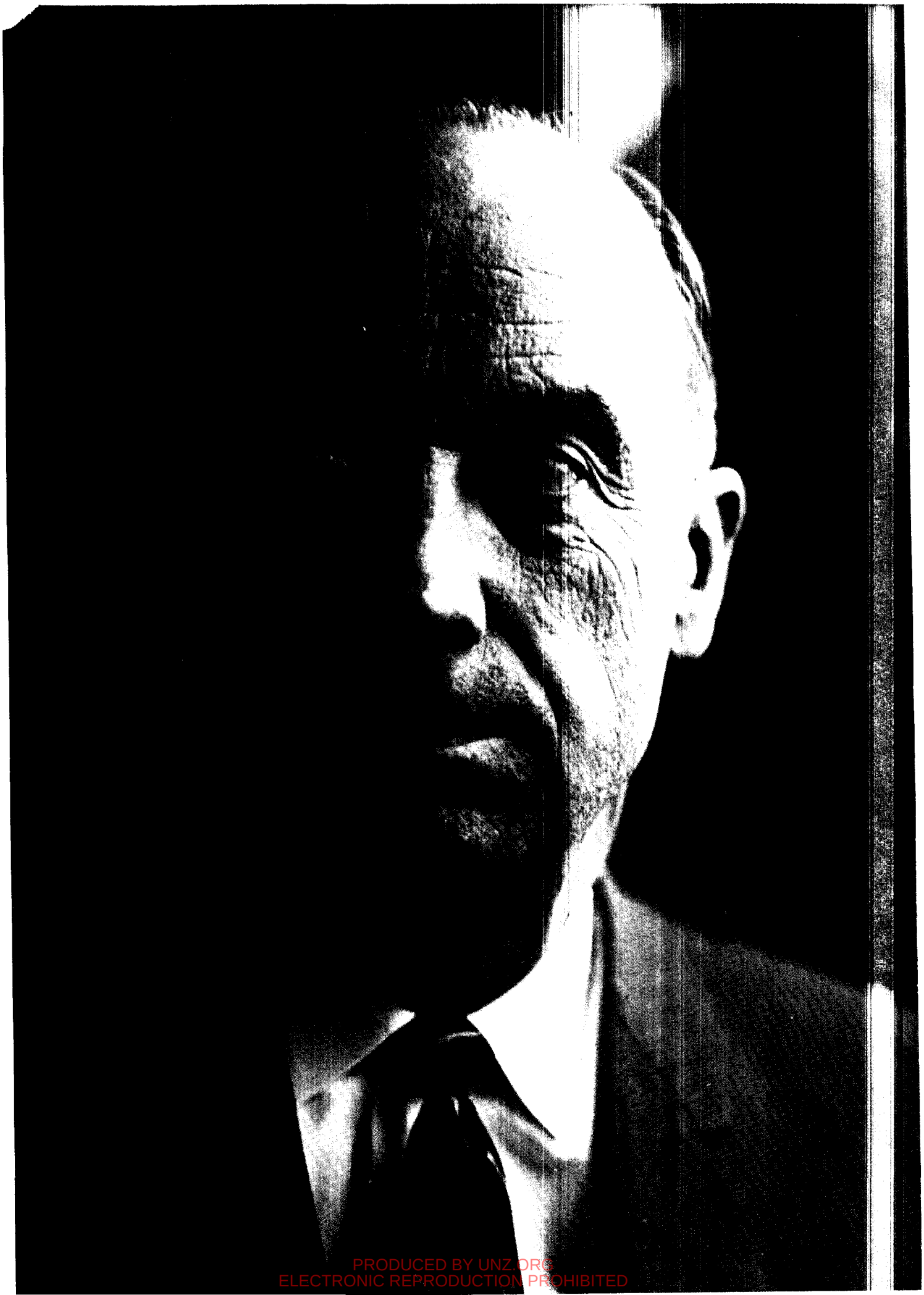

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poverty program into becoming what it was supposed to be — an instrument for social change — as either naive, or just plain troublemakers.

Dr. Norvell Smith, the city's Director of Human Resources, is the very stereotype of the middle-class "Negro leader" painted by militant ghetto leaders. A light-skinned Negro with horn-rimmed glasses, wearing a tweed suit and a vest, Smith is 41 but looks in his 20's. He said he was proposed for his position as the effective head of the poverty program by what he called "a majority of the established Negro leadership." Smith shares with Judge Wilson both a feeling of independence from City Hall and a limited view of the possibilities of the poverty program. He feels he has limited funds but does a good job with them. His biggest problems, the educationist said, are created by people who see the poverty program "as a means of obtaining power." Some of these people are the "bona fide poor" who want a voice in what happens to them (but can't have it). Now that is legitimate, Smith said. But then there are the people "trying to use the program for their own purposes" — the radical and left-wing students who look upon Oakland as their laboratory, the wide spectrum of ministers and middle-class liberals working in the slums. It does not matter to Smith that their "purposes" are to make the ghetto in some measure livable; their "purposes" do not coincide with the limited aims of the bureaucracy he directs and are therefore not desirable.

Smith is very sensitive to the feeling in the ghetto that he is a bureaucrat who has no real feeling for the poor. He vigorously defends his neutral, administrative status: "I wear a Brooks Brothers suit and I drive a Jaguar but I have been working all my life. I am not a leader of the poor." Smith brands as "white interlopers" the white radicals who are working in the ghetto to organize the poor against the conservative dictates of the middle-class Negro leadership. He calls them the "white colonialist leadership."

Smith, who worked his way up the bureaucratic ladder in administrative posts in the Alameda County school system before getting the plum poverty assignment, believes the radicals are perpetrating a myth about the "so-called dignity of the lower classes." He thinks this is just so much nonsense. The only way to go, he said, is the good old middle-class way — just the way he did it. "My commitment is to make these people (the poor) middle-class. I want to make them acquisitive and aggressive and I want them to compete for the jobs that the people in the suburbs are now getting." The concept of a community of the poor or a political movement of the poor is distasteful to him — the label "good but honest poor" is something to be shed like dirty clothes, and, eventually, the people in the ghetto, with poverty aid and the Protestant ethic as spurs, may all be driving Jaguars like him. Or at least buying their underwear at Brooks Brothers.

A majority of the federal poverty funds for Oakland will go to the Inter-Agency project, the city's original and well-publicized vehicle to control the problems of the poor. What the project actually does is to coordinate the efforts of the many agencies whose programs don't get through to the poor anyway, and as far as the ghetto residents are concerned, the prime effect of Houlihan's pet project is to make more efficient the instrumentalities of their miseries. Before "coordination" a family might have been dealing with only one agency, but now they are harassed by two or three. While the essential need in the ghetto is for jobs, one-half of the funds requested are for education — and in Oakland, that means the federal funds will be spent for blatantly segregated education.

THE ALAMEDA COUNTY WELFARE DEPARTMENT performs two-thirds of its functions within the City Limit signs of Oakland. The Department is basically anti-welfare. Its case workers mechanically carry out their functions under the spell of a combination of the racist and 19th Century Gilded Age ethic — "the poor are lazy and immoral and undeserving." The attitude of most of the welfare workers is paternalistic, callous and even brutal — characteristics usually increasing in degree with the number of years a worker has put in the department. The County is infamous for its cavalier treatment of the poor — peaked in Mack Sennett fashion by a series of sensational early morning "bed raids" several years ago. Welfare workers, in the best tradition of Alameda County, would bang, at 5 a.m., on the door of a mother receiving "aid to needy children" because her husband had left her, force their way in and look around the bedroom to see if the woman was sleeping with anyone other than her children. Recently the State investigated 49 cases of aid discontinued by the department, and found exactly 49 of them to be illegally and wrongfully cut off.

The director of the Welfare Department is Harold B. Kehoe, a chain-smoking, aging civil servant who is going to retire early this year and is very glad of it. Kehoe, who has devoted his life to not rocking the boat, has a kind of fey, naturalist ideology that involves the inability to understand why a man is not working, while at the same time recognizing that unemployment is the result of the improper functioning of the economic system. There are unemployed because there are not enough jobs; yet, one who is unemployed must have *something* wrong with him.

He complains that welfare grants, especially for housing, are tragically insufficient for many families. But, he

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shrugs, "The state fixes the figures." What Kehoe doesn't say is that the County has the power to grant supplements to state welfare checks in case of need if it so desires. It doesn't.

Members of his staff, Kehoe said, are "embarrassed" to say they are social workers, such is the degree of the Oakland white community's distaste for the black poor. "When they went to a party or a bar they used to say they were social workers, but now they just do not mention where they work." Welfare workers who have tried to do something more than keep the lid on the dole and cut people off the welfare roles at the slightest excuse have either quit in disgust or been fired. But, Kehoe says, "I haven't seen any anti-Negro feeling on my staff. In fact, we just conducted a probe and we did not find *any*."

Such are the mentalities involved in administrating the "dynamic" poverty program in Oakland. The attitude of the people who are supposed to be receiving the benefit of this enlightened munificence is represented by an elderly Negro sitting on the sagging porch of a weather-scarred apartment house in the East Oakland slum. "You are not going to get nothing done in Oakland until it burns to the ground," he said, with finality.

[THE GUERRILLA WAR — I]

"*Elly*" *Harawitz Strikes Back*

ELLY HARAWITZ GOT INTO THE POVERTY BUSINESS, underground division, two years ago. That was when she encountered a Negro mother of seven children whose welfare checks had been cut off because she was living in "unfit housing." The house was unfit because it had just about burned down and no longer had a roof on it, and the woman needed her next welfare check to move out and make a deposit on a home with a roof. An Alameda County welfare worker, with unfailing logic, told the woman that people who live in unfit housing don't get welfare checks. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Harper, but the longer you wait to move, the harder it will be on you." And it did get harder. It is easy for things to get harder when your seven kids' clothes have all been burned up and your bed sheets have burned up and you don't have any money to buy food or even to move into a flop house with a roof on it. And then it became harder still, because it started to rain.

When Elly Harawitz, a petite, attractive, vital brunette of 25 chanced to meet Mrs. Harper, she found her hysterical — and talking even of suicide. Elly got the woman and her children some food, went with her to the modern, eleemosynary offices of the Alameda County Welfare Department, and asked them what the hell they were trying to do, anyway. "The social workers were uncooperative and cold. They had no legal basis to hold the check. And when I asked the social worker why it was being held, she replied 'to provide this woman with incentive,' " Elly Harawitz said.

When the welfare worker mouthed the word "incentive," Elly recalled, a small twitch began to flutter in Mrs. Harper's left eye. "It is difficult to appreciate how deeply a person is affected by an Establishment that is at best condescending and at worst, punitive toward those who depend on it for their survival," Elly said, in the bedraggled stone front office she runs in West Oakland, two blocks away from the well-scrubbed Welfare Department headquarters.

Elly calls her group the Welfare Rights Organization. It grew out of her experience with Mrs. Harper and her realization that the people of the Oakland ghetto will only be able to get civilized treatment from the authorities when they band together and demand their rights on a united front. Her organization provides legal aid and counseling to individuals either cut off or ignored by the Welfare Department, and seeks to provide food and housing during the time when the person's case is being fought out with the bureaucrats in charge of the dole. "We found that when rights are fought for, and fought for by two rather than by one, then it is possible to win something."

To win your rights in Oakland, if you are poor and Negro, you should be Kirk Douglas or John Wayne or else it is going to be very difficult. As Elly Harawitz puts it, "Oakland is an absolutely stinking city; it is just incredible. You can never find out who is responsible. When you go to complain to the Welfare Department, to the School Board or at the City Council meetings, no one wants to see you. They don't want to acknowledge your existence. Just try to find out who is responsible for something. It is a process of political education. You go to a social worker — she is not responsible. You go to Supervisor number one, and she is not responsible; then Supervisor number two and she is not responsible; finally you end up at the Board of Supervisors and they try to pawn it off on somebody else, and then you see how this whole mess is tied together."

The essential contradiction in Oakland's vision of a welfare state is that the human needs and the welfare eligibility requirements are in direct conflict. For instance, the average Alameda County monthly allowance for welfare housing ranges from $38.00 for a family of one to three persons to $54.00 per month for families of 10 or more. "The only way we can get anything from them is through a political organization. They must be pressured and shown that we can get a lot of people out to demand their rights. Then we can win something for the people," Mrs. Harawitz said.

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The need for a political organization to gouge even substandard living conditions out of the Oakland authorities is far more than a physical need. It gives a new scope, and hope, to life in the ghetto. What kind of a life is it? Listen to Elly Harawitz: "A woman and her four kids were denied welfare aid because they did not meet Alameda County residence requirements. She refused to return to Arkansas, so the Welfare Department refused even to give her a food order. She had been living on the contributions of her neighbors for several months when we met her. By that time all the kids had puffed bellies. The oldest, a boy of six, had rickets. His legs were bowed, he limped, dragging one leg behind him, one arm was almost totally useless, his hands were always in his mouth, he drooled all over himself, and it seemed his brain was beginning to be affected by the disease. I remember sitting with this boy on a couch while his mother and a neighbor went to the church to try to get some food. We were looking through an old Life magazine, playing a game.— I would point to a picture and he would tell me what it was. Around us the wall swarmed with roaches and we looked at ads for carpets and Cadillacs. This child had not eaten for days and we looked at a picture of kids licking their lips around a steaming bowl of Campbell's soup. So is this boy supposed to identify with those kids? Was Life magazine about his life? Could it ever be? How to measure his 'alienation' when he grows to adulthood?"

The Oakland Establishment has no conception of this sort of alienation from their white, insulated world. But it is just this sense of alienation, in growing proportions and under outrageous human conditions, that is leading to the almost certain explosion that will come if the Oakland ghetto remains as it is. Elly Harawitz's organization is working toward overcoming this sense of alienation by advocating an "adjustment" to society — but not the type of "adjustment" the educationists and other well-meaning, but naive, social theorists speak of. This "adjustment" is essentially different because it does not require acceptance of the very things that alienate the people. "Our group adjusts to the society by first reasserting its rights as members of the society and then trying to change the conditions which alienate them," she said.

ELLY HARAWITZ'S ORGANIZATION is trying to do the things that the poverty program should be involved in — informing poor people of their rights, bringing pressure on public officials to change their astigmatic notions of how social services should be dispensed. For a few suspenseful days, the Welfare Rights Organization did provoke some excitement in Washington circles. Edgar Cahn, an aide to Poverty Program Chief Sargent Shriver, wrote Mrs. Harawitz and expressed great interest in her organization. He spoke of incorporating some of her ideas into the poverty program, he suggested the possibility of flying a Welfare Rights Organization representative to a Washington poverty conference to report on its activities. He even implied the possibility of a grant to the Welfare Rights Organization so that it could expand its work. But Cahn's enthusiasm quickly cooled. The offer of a trip to the Washington conference was diplomatically withdrawn and further enquiries about the possibility of financial support were met with polite suggestions of going through channels. Somehow the word had gotten back that Elly Harawitz, or her organization, might be a little too radical, or just too eager and amateurish.

There is a final, ironic footnote to our story which bespeaks the failure of the official War on Poverty. Edgar Cahn, the man who had passed the word down to the Welfare Rights people, had in July 1964 written, together with his wife, Jean, an exceptionally perceptive article in which they warned of the danger that the poverty program could become a vast exercise in military style bureaucracy, too cautious to fulfill its goals. In that article they called for a "civilian perspective" that would keep the program open for spontaneous, indigenous programs by grass-roots people — precisely the kind of program that the Welfare Rights Organization is engaged in. Their article was prophetic — the dangers they warned of have come to haunt the Oakland ghetto. What Cahn could not have anticipated, perhaps, was that he would be presiding over that process. But that is the way the liberal ball bounces in America.

[THE GUERRILLA WAR — II]

A Parish for The Poor

THE REV. BARRY M. BLOOM, an Episcopalian priest, had a penchant for startling audiences with this description of his environment: "I come from Oakland, the shitbox of the West." Rev. Bloom was one of the thoroughly unconventional clergymen who ran one of the most radical — and effective — grass-roots organizations in the Oakland ghetto. It is called The East Oakland Parish, an inter-faith movement for social and political action founded by clergymen who felt their churches had lost any relevance to the real problems of the poor. The clerics, who wear uniforms of black pants, turned up collars and black windbreaker jackets marked by the yellow insignia of the parish, are making life quite difficult for the Oakland Establishment. They believe they are following the example of the historical radical, revolutionary and heretic named Jesus Christ. They call Christ their "corporate executive direc-

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tor" and think it will take them a long time to raise the qualitative type of hell he did.

The East Oakland Parish is one of the independent, underground poverty programs attempting to accomplish the virgin goals of the official War on Poverty. With the other guerrilla poverty organizations, the Parish people share a deep distrust and hostility to "downtown" — the official agencies and the bureaucrats and politicians who run them. The Parish makes its headquarters in an old bank building at 14th and Fruitvale Avenues, deep in the 80 per cent Negro East Oakland flatlands. In addition to the eight clergymen (seven Protestants and one Catholic priest) who make up the Parish's Board of Directors and work at least one day a week in the ghetto, the Parish has two full-time community organizers and 23 students working part-time under a work-study grant from the University of California. They administer first aid to the entire gamut of the sores of the poor — debilitated housing and diets, lack of medical, dental and legal services, no jobs and no job training, inferior schools and inferior schooling, broken homes, adult and juvenile delinquency in equal measures, and, worst of all, a lack of any power or organization to do anything to change their conditions.

But the Parish workers do more than parallel the paper projects of the official Poverty Program. They picket with the poor. They shoot pool with them. They actually *live* with them. Organizers for the East Oakland Parish make $200 a month — and live on it, and live in the ghetto. Organizers for the official program get $9,000 to $10,000 a year for the same type of job — and commute to work.

Although it is a phrase that is overused and underdone, it is "Christian witness" which the pastors in the East Oakland parish are giving. The cornerstone of failure in conventional social service, they feel, is the "destructive condescension built into the staff-recipient or professional-client relationship." The converse proposition to this institutionalized welfare syndrome is the poor organizing and running their own war against their own poverty — and this is the proposition to which the Parish is dedicated. "In our generation the best way to accomplish this job seems to be through community organization — a technique for change, indeed, for revolution — whereby paternalism is throttled and the Lord is in fact free to help those who help themselves," said the Rev. Barry Bloom, now serving a Peace Corps stint.

It is unusual to find Catholic priests actively participating in radical social movements, but Fr. Savio Dindia is an exception. The young Franciscan priest, assigned to a Catholic high school in the ghetto, became one of the organizers of the Parish. "Because the welfare department is anti-welfare and the political power structure refuses to admit that this is a disaster area, the only solution is to organize the neighborhoods and create the power base necessary to get things done: control votes, get new people in to change the direction of Oakland," he said. Toward that goal, Parish volunteers registered over 5,000 new voters, most of them Negroes, last year. Besides fighting the Establishment, the Parish has instigated programs designed to "shame the city into doing things": It started a drop-out school, is planning a series of "Business Development Centers" to create jobs by helping small businesses to expand.

But, in the Christ-oriented approach of the Parish, it is the spiritual blight of the ghetto that must be combatted. This is a goal recognized by all the parish workers. Said Cheryl Arnold, a blond, heavy-set, WASP-looking 24-year-old volunteer, "You have a smooth-running machine downtown, but here in the ghetto there is so much apathy, and no feeling of life having any meaning. There is no connection with other people in the community. I think that's where the frustration and the anger come from." She was saying that Watts, aside from its physical deprivation, is also a state of mind. And it is the same state that Oakland is in.

[THE GUERRILLA WAR — III]

Where The ACTION Is

CENTRAL REALTY ON OAKLAND'S SEEDY Telegraph Avenue is a home away from home for those citizens who would like to abolish Mayor Houlihan. Among them are Jody Edmonson and Arlene Slaughter, who are principals in a wide-ranging ghetto organization called ACTION. This stands for the Alinsky Committee to Integrate Oakland Now. ACTION emerged last year from a seminar attended by Oakland ghetto leaders and run by Saul Alinsky, the professional radical. There is much excitement in the ghetto about the prospect of Alinsky moving into Oakland and taking over the war with the Establishment, and the people in ACTION are peppering city leaders with Alinsky's direct action tactics to kind of pave the way.

Jody Edmonson is a tall, thin, and forcefully articulate Negro who is a co-chairman of ACTION; Arlene Slaughter, middle-aged, graying, tough, with a bit of the Jewish mother about her, runs the Central Realty office out of which ACTION moves. She wears a button with "We Try Harder" printed in Hebrew on it. The pair said that ACTION began after a series of City Council meetings on the tensions in the ghetto. Or at least, what were supposed to be a series of meetings. Mayor Houlihan threw everybody out of one meeting, then kept cutting off speakers from the ghetto by arguing with them at a second

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gathering. At a third meeting, some 300 people came to debate on a proposal for a police review board. They should have stayed home, because the discussion lasted only three minutes and then the Council voted overwhelmingly against any such board. At that, the 300-member audience got up and marched outside singing "We Shall Overcome," and have been marching ever since.

ACTION is an umbrella, activist organization that encompasses some 20 ghetto groups and stands ready to picket at the drop of a sign. It serves as the organizational channel for the increasing militancy in the ghetto, and for this reason it is shunned by the NAACP. That doesn't bother Arlene Slaughter much, who thinks the NAACP is composed of middle-class types who don't want to cause any trouble and have no influence in the ghetto. Strangely enough, that impression is shared by the President of Oakland's NAACP, attorney Clinton White. He warned the City Council members not to use their NAACP contacts to assure themselves that they had control over the Negro masses. White came right out and said that this was an illusion — that the NAACP had no importance in the ghetto.

ACTION is just getting going, and at the moment neither it, nor any other organization, has the following of large numbers of ghetto residents, Jody Edmonson said. There is no such animal as a "Negro leader," just now, in Oakland. "You can be a Negro leader for $5," he said. "I decided I would be one by going to the meeting of the Alameda County Negro Leadership Conference. It cost me $5 to register. Unfortunately, only two other people showed up."

[THE "KICK-OUTS"]

ALL YOU NEED TO UNDERSTAND racial segregation in Oakland's public schools is a pencil. Draw a square. Then draw a horizontal line across the top, about one-third down. Then divide the remaining space into three equal vertical sections. You have a diagram of how the Oakland school districts were gerrymandered for racial considerations. The horizontal portion at top represents the school district of the white hill area — the three vertical sections are the school districts running up to the hills through the largely nonwhite flatlands. This gerrymandering was done by the school board in 1961 and resulted in the establishing of the virtually all-white Skyline High School. The Board also adopted an "open enrollment" plan which allowed parents to send their children to any school in the city — a practical criterion being if the parents had the money to transport their children every day to non-neighborhood schools. So the result of the open enrollment plan has been to allow middle-class white parents throughout the city to send their children to the Caucasian classes at Skyline High.

Oakland's style of segregated schooling, known to Latin scholars as *de facto*, has one other debilitating side-effect: that of economic as well as racial singularity. Many of the schools, particularly grammar and junior high schools, are of "one class, one race" constitution. The Negro bourgeoisie lives as far into the white hills as it can get outside of West Oakland — the symbolic home of the Negro poor. Thus there is little chance of a Negro slum child mixing with any of his economic betters, even those of his own race. "In a legally segregated Southern school you at least had more diversity," said Oakland Negro civil rights attorney John George. "Since all the Negroes in the area had to go to the Negro school, you had the sons of middle-class Negroes mixing with poor Negroes — but in Oakland the poor black know only the poor black."

The same incestuous pattern that marks Oakland's municipal officeholding is true of Oakland's School Board — in spades. In the last three decades, 21 school board members have been appointed and only three first came into office by standing for election. The overwhelming majority of the appointees were conservative Republicans. Their choice for Superintendent of Schools was Stuart Philips.

Philips has a concept of the melting pot which is barely post-Victorian. He scores any sort of "social engineering" which would lead to a "racial mixture" in the schools as "repugnant to me." Unrepugnant, of course, is the arbitrary zoning of Skyline High School: "I respect the freedom of choice which in an unregimented social area must result in a particular school being composed largely of one race or another." Speaking is the school superintendent of the city with one of the largest, most concentrated Negro populations in the nation.

Oakland school officials have their own unique version of "jug" — the traditional after-hours punishment period for errant students. Their version is to put the students, if they are Negroes, in the real jug — jail. Every Negro school in Oakland has a regular city police patrol, and Negro children who get in any way out-of-line are taken to the police station to await their parents. This practice fits in with an old Oakland school tradition known as the "kick-out." It is just like the drop-out, except that the student doesn't do it voluntarily. Negro students, especially in their junior and senior years of high school, are discouraged or kicked out of school for being "stubborn" or "uncontrollable" or "uneducable." Suspensions are also legion for Negroes. Five days for smoking. Thirty

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days for playing with a fire cracker. Ten days for coming to gym without a gym suit.

This crack-the-whip atmosphere in Negro-dominated high schools was documented in a 1963 study of Oakland schools by the California Fair Employment Practices Commission. "In a predominantly Negro high school the principal was almost completely discipline orientated," the report said. Principals boast about things like their school having fewer broken windows than other schools with as many Negroes. One Oakland high school principal told a state investigator that he felt it necessary to limit the number of activities which would require a large attendance by the student body, such as theatrical productions, because when Negroes got together they got what he termed "fever." He told the investigator that, when excited, Negro students could vent their feelings in "fearful ways."

When Negro parents try to become involved in school affairs they are treated no less cavalierly. A group of Negro mothers in the East Oakland ghetto picketed the Havens Court School to protest its disciplinary policies toward their children. They were so harassed and intimidated by school officials and the police that many of the mothers became frightened and dropped out of the organization. One of those who stayed, Mrs. Robinson, was awakened one morning at 2 a.m. by a burly Oakland police officer with a warrant for her arrest on a charge of assault and battery on a school teacher. Mrs. Robinson maintained that she never laid a hand on the teacher whom she had complained to about her child's treatment.

Dr. Robert L. Nolan, an Oakland physician and former school board member who led a fruitless fight to get his fellow board members to even discuss anything as foreign as *de facto* segregation, considers the future outlook "very bleak" for Oakland schools. "Berkeley at least is making an effort to solve its problems of segregation," he said, "but Oakland, if anything, is trying to prevent a meaningful solution to this problem."

[THE SUPPRESSED REPORT]

OFFICIAL OAKLAND HAS sometimes done very naive things, but in 1962 it outdid itself. The city hired Dr. Floyd Hunter to do a study on housing discrimination. A majority of the members of the Mayor's Committee on Full Opportunity, which did the hiring, didn't believe there really was any discrimination in Oakland and considered Hunter's Berkeley-based consultant firm a sort of super public relations outfit which would reinforce the committee's preconceptions. "They didn't know who we were or what I had written," Hunter said.

This was a major oversight because Dr. Hunter was just about the last person a city with an ostrich mentality like Oakland's should want around. A native American radical in the populist tradition, Dr. Hunter years ago wrote an extremely controversial sociological book on the community power structure of Atlanta, which had the denizens of Atlanta running record blood pressure counts. It can be reliably surmised that much the same reaction occurred in Oakland when Dr. Hunter dropped a 118-page bomb. Housing discrimination, he said in his report, existed in fully one-third of the city where both brokers and property owners were either acting in a discriminatory pattern or openly admitting they would if given the chance; his survey found that 60 per cent of the whites in Oakland had prejudicial feelings, mostly against Negroes.

But Dr. Hunter went even further. He came right out and said what was wrong with Oakland, and what had to be done to save it. The Oakland "civic machine," the sociologist said, needed its "social sights raised radically."

The city leaders were possessed of an "hypnotic inability" to think of racial problems in other than negative terms, and spoke "a local language full of clichés about achievement where little or none exists," he said. The more-more-industry panacea of official Oakland was a manifestation of "national economic anarchy and nonsense"; the city needed to jettison "cruel political clichés" about welfare and to institute "massive social solutions" to problems the magnitude of which Oakland failed to recognize. For starters, Dr. Hunter said it would be necessary to spend $80 million annually in order to advance the incomes of almost 50 per cent of the city's population to "general community norms of adequacy." He said that Oakland was in such a physical mess it didn't need renewal — it had to be rebuilt, beginning with an expenditure of $125 million to replace just plain rotten housing. And he charged that minorities be allowed to play active roles in "all circumferences of government," most immediately and specifically the closed-club of the City Council.

Well! Dr. Hunter's phone began ringing as soon as the first draft of the report reached City Hall. The City Manager called to say there was no such thing as a power structure in Oakland. Members of the Committee called to say that Hunter had gone a little too far, and offered the use of their garden hoses just in case he wanted to water it down. But Hunter stuck to his findings. The committee was fearful of showing such a radical document to the Mayor, but Houlihan, with a Gnosticism that allows him to recognize social problems on an intellectual level but to be oblivious to them in the real world, accepted the report with equanimity.

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Cooler heads, however, prevailed, and with its usual smoothness in handling such things, the City printed only 125 copies of the report, then destroyed the stencil. The 125 copies were as hard to find in Oakland as first editions of *Fanny Hill*. As word got around about the Hunter Report findings, the demand for copies reached a sort of howl. But this was the time of the campaign for California's controversial Proposition 14, which would make discrimination legal, and it was obvious the Committee didn't want in circulation a report about the extreme discrimination in Oakland housing. After the election, and the defeat of the state's fair housing law, the stencil was retyped and put back on the mimeograph machine.

[THE SHIBBOLETH MARCHES ON]

THE FOREGOING CHRONICLE is not to leave the reader with the impression that Oakland is not making concrete plans for future contingencies. It is. Just last fall, a high-ranking group of Oakland police officials met with a Los Angeles deputy police chief and discussed the problems Los Angeles cops encountered in handling Watts, and how Oakland could do a better job when their own Watts inevitably came. For one thing, the Oakland police were advised to get portable jails to facilitate hauling the rioters away quickly and thereby to leave the policemen on the scene to arrest more people. They also discussed extra-hard rifle butts, special colored helmets to identify ranking policemen easily during the melee and the number of National Guardsmen that Oakland should call in.

Thus, Oakland prepares to meet its future. To survey this city of over 380,000 citizens, the second largest industrial city in the nation's most populated state, is like watching old March of Time film clips:

¶ Prohibition is enacted — it will never last — it doesn't.

¶ Hitler is a tough-minded democrat who is shaping up a sagging German economy — Germany invades Poland.

¶ Harlem is an explosive Negro ghetto; Harlem is bound to explode — Harlem riots.

¶ Negroes in California are better off than Negroes in the South; Watts has a high unemployment rate, but at least the Negro families live in pleasant suburban-type dwellings — Watts turns to fire.

These are the shibboleths we once lived by, and we now recognize them as shibboleths. At the very least we recognize the inevitable results. But in Oakland, in 1966, the shibboleth marches on. The ghetto is ignored. The leadership is blind. The worst may come — but all they can do is prepare for it. They can do nothing to stop it.

The tragedy of Oakland is not regional. It is a national tragedy. It is the tragedy of the American city bowing under the arthritic pains of the 20th century. Yet Oakland, unbowed, refuses to admit it is sick. Its leaders mouth dry phrases about new coliseums and airports, a "professional" police force, "progressive" city government, "comprehensive" social service programs. But the malady is clear to even the casual visitor, an infirmity of such long duration that even Oakland's bed sores are visible. Ben Segal, an official of the Federal Equal Employment Opportunities Commission, came to Oakland recently, and went away aghast. "Oakland is a powder keg," he said.

Oakland cannot cure itself. Its problems are regional, and national, but it will take more than the Federal government, in all its largesse, to provide the answers. Washington spends billions on aid to underdeveloped countries — but this is money, often literally, over the dam, if the administrative bureaucracies in those countries are unwilling to effect basic changes in the social and economic order. Like Monopoly, the analogy applies to Oakland.

As all American cities in trouble, Oakland needs more than new Federal programs and new industries. It desperately, essentially requires a revitalization, a redefinition of itself as an heterogeneous community. And this rebirth can only come, as the Phoenix, from the ashes of the ghetto. Only such a revolutionary awakening, stirring in the slums and accepted in the hills, can save Oakland from the deepening and eventually disastrous war between its two worlds.

Despite the singular obtuseness of its public officials, Oakland is not unique. It is America — it is the American core city. Oakland may be a funny place, but the joke is on all of us. *—by Warren Hinckle.*

A RAMPARTS SPECIAL REPORT

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Blood on the Doves

by Maude Hutchins

INTRODUCTION

By MAXWELL GEISMAR

I would like to impress upon our Ramparts readers the fact that the following excerpt from Maude Hutchins' new novel, *Blood on the Doves*, is only the latest phase of a multi-phased talent. This gifted lady-writer — to me one of the most original writers on the contemporary American literary scene — always writes *another* kind of book, just as she always is exploring new techniques in her sculpture and her painting. (She is currently embarked upon a new series of *coupage* paintings, which are breath-takingly beautiful and brilliantly entertaining at the same time.)

And she is doing all these new paintings and these new books without much apparent thought as to any commercial shows or any commercial audience. She is an artist whose talent simply flows out of her in all sorts of ways — and who then has the integrity to follow up this flow of talent wherever it may lead. There is something 18th-centuryish about Maude Hutchins; she has, for all the world, the marks of a feminine-type Fielding in her work; and, perhaps, particularly in *A Diary of Love* (1950), a book which is considered an underground masterpiece in many countries of the world. (Perhaps it is time, post-D. H. Lawrence and post-Henry Miller, to publish a new popular edition of this book, too.) Then there is that other quite marvelous early book, *Love is a Pie*, a collection of tales and sketches with all the charm, inventiveness, playfulness — ranging from delicate comedy to broad farce — of the early Maude Hutchins.

Then there was a middle period of such works as *The Memoirs of Maisie* and *Victorine* which I confess I was not so much taken with — and it is a tribute to her sense of objectivity that our personal relationship was never affected by this. (Her work does indeed combine that complex inner-contradiction of the "divine amateur" and the dedicated professional.) Then, in 1962, there was the brilliant collection of later stories, *The Elevator*, that I rejoiced to see, and that had perfected and developed her writing both to new levels of feeling and new modes of expression. How can I explain this, in this brief memo, except to suggest you read this book, along with *Blood on the Doves*? In a sense, too, the two volumes express the opposite poles — the comic in *The Elevator*, the tragic in *Blood on the Doves* — of Mrs. Hutchins' mature talent. Both books are written as from deep dreams, nightmares, racial myths. This is a dream and nightmare world in which events move swiftly from the ludicrous to the horrifying; the "comedy" always has a latent context of terror; the lurking horror, as in *Blood on the Doves*, still has moments of irony and farce.

The prose is often startling in itself, highly pictorial (here Mrs. Hutchins has used one art form to enrich another), surrealist in tone perhaps, cubist in form and impact. From there on you will have to explain to yourself about a crime that was or was not committed, about a "hero" who is or is not quite insane — repeated again and again in the book itself, in ever-widening circles of consciousness, or unconsciousness.

An excerpt from the new novel, published by William Morrow & Company, New York.

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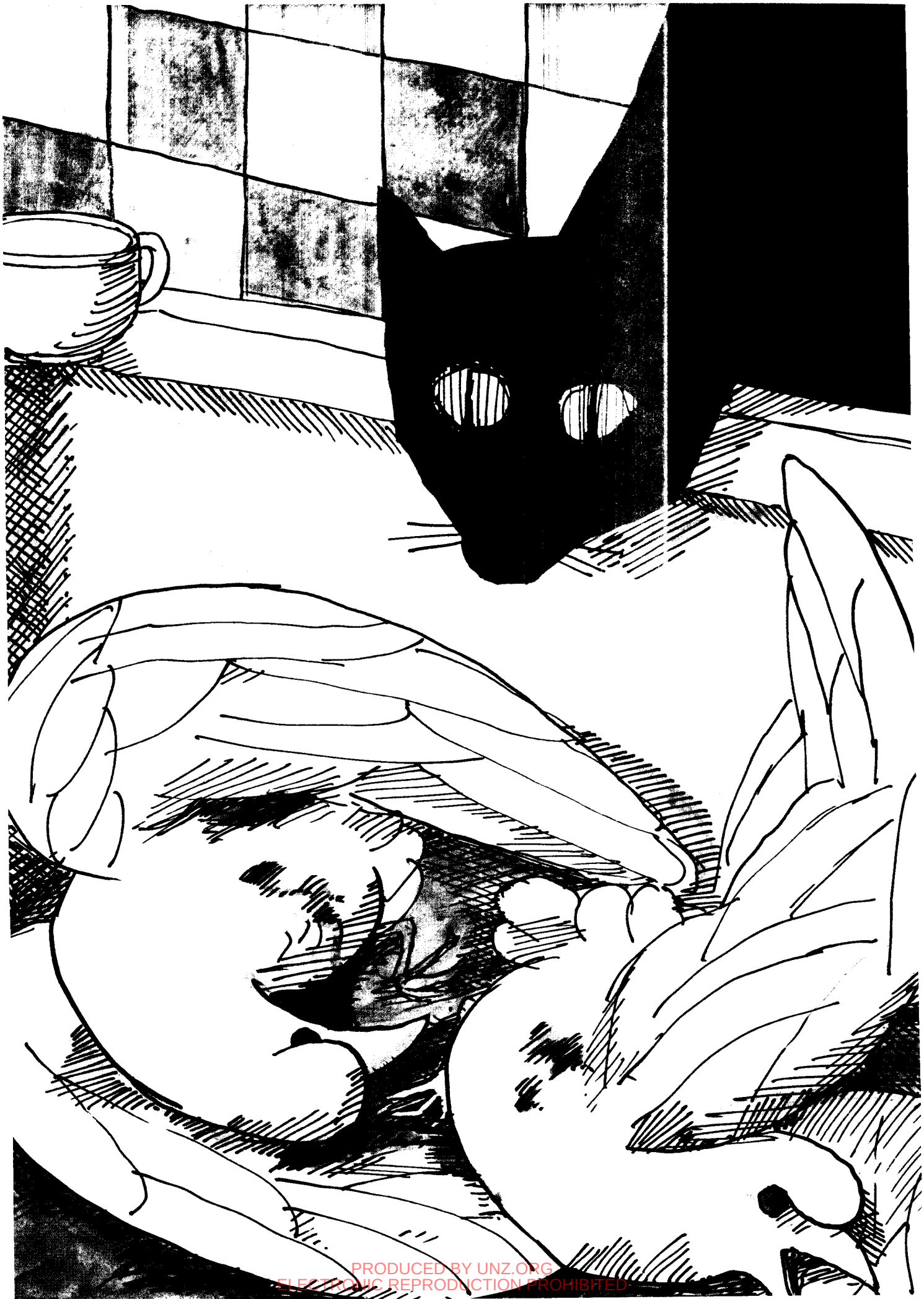

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Willie looked around the room he had rented in advance without having seen. His landlady stood behind him breathing heavily from the effort of the three flights, waiting. She was waiting for him to say something. She waited.

A thin shaft of sunlight like a pencil with a sharp point moved a hair's breadth in its compass like a sundial and lit up a pin on the scrubbed carpetless floor. The tiny shaft of light in its turn swung into the pupil of Willie's right eye but there the phenomena ended.

Well? said the landlady.

It's fine, Willie said.

Two doors down to your left, said the landlady.

Thank you ma'am, said Willie.

And it's nice and quiet here; the room next door is unoccupied. You are the only boarder.

That's fine, said Willie.

And you'll be quiet, sir, I hope, because my old man don't like noise. Take your shoes off when you're late nights and no company.

Yes, ma'am, said Willie.

I can see you're a well-brought-up young man, said the landlady and she left him.

Willie stood where he was in the doorway, still holding his suitcase. He must have stood there a long time. The tiny ray of light finished its circuit, bending to the outlines of the cupboard, the chair, the washstand. The bed was in the shadow, a modest narrow bed with a skimpy clean quilt. The blue-and-white ticking of the mattress showed, it looked like a girl in a sweater. The blue-and-white-striped pillow, quite flat, also showed at the open end of the pillowcase. There was a small table next to the bed with a white cloth on it and a lamp with a paper shade. There was a saucer evidently used as an ash tray and a round clock. The floor was bare; the pin could no longer be seen. Was it a strange thing that the pin had been in just that minute spot that the fine ray of diluted sunlight had struck it and then the rays bent at a ninety-degree angle and found the pupil of his right eye just where it was? If Willie hadn't been there, where would it have gone, forever reflecting and refracting around corners and into private places? Instead of which it had buried itself in the jellylike substance of Willie's pupil, a tiny target made even tinier by the relative brightness of the light itself. Now the room was darkening and the pupils were certainly larger. Willie stood there. He was in one of his trances. He might be there for hours. You would think it would tire him standing like that for hours, said his mother, but it doesn't seem so. It's better than his getting in trouble in the village, but his pappy thinks he's a simpleton. Move over, Willie, I've got to sweep the floor.

Willie set his suitcase down.

Well? said the landlady.

It's fine, said Willie. He heard her going down the stairs: there were twelve stairs then twelve more then twelve more; he heard a door open and close. He counted the footsteps. She favored one foot, which?

Finally he set his suitcase down carefully. It was very old, it had belonged to his father, it was made of cardboard and it was tied with a stout cord. You see, said Willie's mother, it pays to save things. She straightened out the cord and whipped it around the suitcase. It had originally come from the Sears Roebuck package that arrived once a year at their home in the Ozarks. Pappy caressed his new suspenders. The girls cried out with delight and ran off to try on their blouses, one pink, one blue, and his mother suffered for days in the new foundation. The ax was like a comet in the sky it was so beautiful, and the fishing gear and the rifle and a sewing basket for Grandma and jeans, jeans, jeans, stiff and new, for the boys, and then finally a real store suit for Willie and good shoes and a necktie.

Well? said the landlady.

It's just fine, said Willie.

You want anything?

No, said Willie, thank you ma'am.

A nice boy, said the landlady, and she favored her right foot as she went down the three flights, eighteen times she favored it.

Willie set his suitcase down and advanced into the room he had rented in advance.

Goodbye Willie, said his mother, you're a man now.

Goodbye Mom.

He reached down and stroked the cat that was doing figure eights in and out between his legs.

Illustrations by Tomi Ungerer

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Willie examined the room.

Don't go Willie! his little sister shrieked.

WILLIE REACHED UP AND PULLED the cord that was attached to the single bulb in the center of the room and he saw odd-shaped shadows recede along the bare floor and disappear behind the cupboard and the bed and the washstand and the rickety little table with a saucer on it; there had been a design on the saucer once. The clock was ticking but it seemed to miss a beat. The landlady favored her right foot. The clock made a whirring sound and stopped.

Willie looked at the watch the teacher had given him.

Time is of the essence, the teacher quoted.

Don't go Willie! Sarah shrieked.

Willie sat down on the bed and the spring sang out. Ping!

Grandpappy hoisted the rifle up and into his shoulder. The squirrel looked surprised and let go the hickory nut and hit the ground just before it did. He kicked with his hind legs just once and the nut rolled into the myrtle. Ping! The rabbit let out a screech. The old man twisted its neck and spat.

Willie took off his store shoes and set them down gently.

Grandpappy hoisted up the rifle and the dove fell off the branch before Willie heard the shot. Ping! The dove's mate lifted itself into the air, hesitated, and spun down headfirst. Got 'im, said the old man.

Willie stared at the teacher's legs. He lifted her skirt and rubbed the inside of her thigh with his hand.

Willie! said the teacher.

Yes ma'am, said Willie.

Stop looking out the window and write your theme. You've got ten minutes.

Yes ma'am, said Willie. Willie heard the teacher say, Country lout.

Don't go! yelled Sarah. Willie, don't go!

Shut the child up, said Pappy.

Willie leaned down and stroked the cat.

Two doors down and to your left, said the landlady.

Willie went to the bathroom. Pappy had warned him about the zipper, he was very careful. He didn't notice the bathroom; he was concentrating on the zipper. He passed the room next to his and saw a light under the door. He went into his own room that he had rented in advance without seeing and looked at the cupboard, the bed with the clean spare quilt and the blue ticking showing and the flat pillow and the freshly painted table. The table had a dish on it but the design was almost gone and the clock had stopped. The lamp with the paper shade didn't have a bulb in it; it was just for looks. The single light in the center of the ceiling didn't give much light; the shadows had stolen out a way from the wall and from under the bed and beside the cupboard and the washstand. Willie saw the pin. It had a tiny shadow beside it. He left it there. He walked around the room in his stocking feet not making any noise. He closed the door softly. On the back of it was a big calendar just like the ones at home with pictures, from Hank's Grocery. It was yellow with age. It must have been saved for the picture because it was twenty years out of date. December? Three little girls were playing in the snow, one had a sled, another with her back turned was making a snow man, and the third looking straight ahead was pouting as if she were going to cry. The little girl looked right into Willie's eyes almost brazenly. She had pink cheeks and a sucking little mouth.

Willie, don't go, Willie, Willie, don't go.

Land's sake, said Grandma, the child needs a good slap.

Willie turned away from the picture.

The room next door is unoccupied, said the landlady.

Willie sat down on the bed with the blue ticking showing and the mattress sagged and ping! went the spring.

Grandpappy raised the rifle and took aim.

Willie got up and put his suitcase on the washstand and untied the cord very carefully although he had a knife in his jeans.

Don't cut it, said his mother.

Willie picked at the cord and thought of the pin and took the pin and loosened the knot and untied it and put the good stout cord in the drawer of the little table. Someone else had done the same thing; there was a yellowed cord neatly rounded as if around someone's hand as he had wrapped it just now in the little drawer of the table.

It will come in handy someday, said his mother.

You see, it pays to save things, she said, and she whipped the stout cord around the old suitcase that had belonged to Pappy and double-knotted it.

Willie thought of the pin and painstakingly undid the knot and put the cord neatly coiled, coiled elliptically as if around someone's hand, in the drawer of the little table. He had not noticed that the table had a drawer but of course it did, he simply reached out and grasped the knob and pulled out the drawer. He didn't have to know the drawer was there. He placed the cord beside the cord that he had put there before.

Is everything all right? said the landlady.

Yes ma'am, said Willie.

No company.

No ma'am.

Try not to use the toilet after nine o'clock, said the landlady, and if you do, don't flush it, my old man don't sleep good.

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Yes ma'am.

A nice, well-brought-up young man, said the landlady to her husband downstairs. Willie heard the door close: click.

Grandpappy cocked the rifle.

Willie, moaned Sarah, don't go to the city.

Goodbye son, said his mother.

Goodbye Mom.

WILLIE TOOK HIS THINGS OUT of the suitcase and laid them on the bed. He arranged the three shirts on the shelf in the cupboard, first running his finger over it to see if it was dusty, it wasn't, the extra pair of pajamas, the wool scarf, the two sets of striped underwear, four pairs of socks. There were no hangers so Willie hung his raincoat on one of the row of hooks by the label: Sears Roebuck. There was no light in the closet. Willie bent over and reached into the back of the cupboard and took out the stool. He crossed the room to the one window that was too high to reach without the stool and, standing on the stool, tugged at the window but it wouldn't open. He reached up and snapped the clothesline that worked the pulleys, twice. Then the window slid open easily. He heard the flutter of wings. There was still light in the sky, only the room was dark and would be always except for that diluted ray of sunlight that had picked out the only object on the floor, the pin. Willie waited; he knew the pigeon would come back; it was quite tame.

Zzt, zzt, Willie made a noise with his tongue against his teeth. The pigeon folded up his wings and settled on the ledge of the recessed window and looked at Willie. Willie reached in his pocket and came out with the peanuts that the pigeon was waiting for, but he would not take them from Willie's hand. Willie arranged five peanuts on the sill and the pigeon ate them. There were no droppings on the ledge, only a layer of soot from the town's factories. The pigeon did not expect anything more; he walked awkwardly to the corner of the ledge and, sinking into himself, blinked his eyes and then tucked his head under his wing and seemed to go to sleep. Willie shut the window down because of the noise from the street.

A shot rang out.

Grandpappy lowered his rifle. Willie smelled the sweetness of the smoking steel. He peered through the grimy glass of the window and saw the shape of the sleeping pigeon.

Willie undressed and got into the bed with the blue ticking that showed. The pillow was very flat and smelled of camphor.

Two doors down and to your left, said the landlady.

Willie got up and, barefoot, went to the bathroom. His hand found the light cord and pulled it. Then he looked at the wrist watch the teacher had given him.

Time is of the essence, the teacher said.

It was ten minutes past nine.

Willie, what are you looking at out of the window? You have ten minutes to finish your theme. (Country lout, said the teacher.) Willie didn't flush the toilet. The hall was very still; there was only a slight vibration from the town, felt rather than heard. The narrow hall had a single strip of worn red carpet laid the length of it. There was a light under the door of the uninhabited room next to his and a stain on the carpet in front of it. The stain had a queer shape. It was almost the shape of a cruller, only the ends didn't meet. Willie leaned over and looked down the stairway. There was no sound; it was very dark, dark as a velvet cloth, a length of cloth a yard wide from Sears Roebuck. He hesitated before the closed door of the uninhabited room and then went into the room he had rented in advance without having seen and closed the door after him gently.

Goodbye son.

Goodbye Mom.

Willie, don't go! yelled Sarah.

Willie looked at the last sheet of the calendar from Hank's Grocery that hung on the back of the door. Someone had saved it because the picture was so pretty. The tack that held it up was rusty. The little girl with the rosy cheeks and sucking mouth was about to cry. One of her red mittens was gone and a little dog, a fox terrier, was running away with it. You could see the pawprints in the snow. He was running fast, all you could see was his rump and his stubby tail, and the little girl was going to cry because the little dog was running away with her mitten. The child who was building the snow man didn't pay any attention but went on with what she was doing. She placed the piece of coal in the eye socket that she had scooped out with a piece of wood and the one with the sled was looking over her shoulder at something outside the picture. She was the eldest and there was an anxious expression on her face but she was pretty and perhaps just needed to go to the bathroom. The sky was very blue like a china plate so it couldn't be suppertime yet and besides it was probably their own back yard they were playing in and if the picture had been a little bigger you could perhaps have seen the kitchen window with a geranium inside on the sill or a yellow cat asleep on a cushion. The cat would leap up and arch her back at the sight of the saucy fox terrier with the red mitten in his mouth.

Willie leaned down and stroked the cat who had jumped down and was doing figure eights in and out between his legs.

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Willie set his suitcase down carefully, it was old, and advanced into the room he had rented in advance without having seen.

He put out the light. He couldn't see anything but the violet square of the window and behind it the dark shape of the sleeping pigeon.

Willie got into bed and pulled the quilt up over his nose and smelled the clean smell of laundry soap.

Well? said the landlady.

It's fine, said Willie.

The bed was comfortable if a little short and narrow. There was nobody else in it. Willie was very tired but he wasn't there yet.

THE TRAIN FINALLY GOT OUT of the station and sped along the straightaway as if it were greased, way up ahead the whistle blew three times. Willie was almost asleep. The engine was having a hard time going up the incline; finally the train stopped and the steam billowed up and hissed and covered the windows with droplets of fog and the hills disappeared and it was like being on a bridge. After a long rest the train started up again, stopped, started, coughed, the whistle gave a prolonged wail and then clinkity clinkity clinkity clinkity (more). It was very pleasant; the conductor took Willie's ticket without looking at him and punched it and the tiny circlets of paper fell on the pants of his store suit. Willie noticed the zipper fastening the conductor's pants.

Be careful, said Pappy, it's dangerous.

Willie was stunned at the noise. All of a sudden the city surrounded the train. They came out of a long tunnel and the city was there. People were yelling and hollering and pushing; a blonde girl was running toward him, her mouth open, her hair flying, but she ran right past him.

Willie knew the address.

He walked.

The policeman was nice to him, looked him over, took him in, and smiled, gave him directions. Understand?

Yes, sir.

Take it easy, boy, the policeman said.

Look out for pickpockets, Willie, said Grandma.

Willie walked up the steps. His store shoes squeaked.

You're the young man from, said the landlady.

Yes ma'am, said Willie.

Country lout, the teacher said.

That'll be . . ., said the landlady.

This way, said the landlady.

The train started up again; it began lurching from side to side, rolling like a ship is said to, and Willie's suitcase, tied with a good stout cord, fell out of the rack. Willie stood up and set it back again. The train found a smoother roadbed and went along as if on ice. It was very pleasant. Clinkity clinkity clinkity clinkity (more). The engineer played with the whistle and it wailed and wailed way up ahead and trailed off behind, way way back; you could still hear it way back there.

Willie heard the whistle blowing and stretched into the bed that he had all to himself; the pillow smelled of camphor.

Here comes the five twenty-eight! yelled Sarah, Hurry, Willie, and we'll see it go by. Hurry, Willie! Run! Run!

The old man came into the kitchen, the rifle tucked under his arm, and put the two doves down on the sink; there was blood on the doves, bright-red blood on the doves. They lay quietly on the sink, their long nervous claws flexed, a gentle look of surprise in their round eyes. You could only see the right eye of each dove on the sink. The blood was congealing on their soft feathers; it looked like house paint.

Going to git me a rabbit, said Grandpappy. Wanta come, boy?

Willie set his teeth against the screech but Grandpappy got the bunny behind the ear halfway across the little brook he had always leapt over before hundreds and hundreds of times without mishap; his little white tail looked like a marshmallow. The rabbit hesitated in mid-air. Ping! Willie set his teeth.

Got 'im! said Grandpappy.

The pigeon slept as if dead behind the violet grass; Willie could just make out his shape.

The cat jumped off the window sill and onto the sink. She delicately sniffed at the blood. Her whiskers quivered and her tail moved back and forth voluptuously.

Scat! said Grandma.

The cat dropped off the sink and went back to the window sill beside the red geranium. Outside the three little girls played in the snow.

Willie, said Sarah in a big whisper, move over.

Willie moved to the very edge of the big bed and clung to it. He listened to the rhythmic breathing of his brothers and sisters in the other bed. The midnight express whistled mournfully as it sped right through the mountains; it made a kind of glumph as it entered the tunnel.

Mama, said Sarah in her sleep.

It's my fishing pole, said Eustace, sitting up straight in bed, you could see the glimmer of his nightshirt, and Lilly, the eldest, lapsed into a fascinating gibberish of her own that no one could translate.

Move *over*, Willie.

Willie balanced himself on the very edge of the bed.

The old rooster in the hen house crowed feebly. A thin ocher-colored light stole into the room from the east windows. On the west side it was still palely blue from the moon.

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Is everything all right? said the landlady.

Fine, said Willie.

Sarah moaned in her sleep; the cat jumped off the other bed, colorless in the uncertain light, and landed on all fours. She made no more noise than if a muffin had fallen out of a pan. She disappeared into the cupboard.

Willie heard him talking in the unoccupied room and she answered him.

He heard his mother in the kitchen and smelled fresh coffee. He gave the helpless body of his sister a prolonged shove with his bottom and went back to sleep. The rooster stood on top of the henhouse and cockadoodledooed with all his feeble might.

Someone knocked on his door.

Goodbye son, said his mother.

Goodbye Mom.

Don't go Willie! shrieked Sarah.

Drat the child, said Grandma.

The rooster crowed again halfheartedly. Willie's brothers and sisters were tumbling out of bed like a lot of pillows, the sun slanted into the room, all except Lilly, the eldest, who was lazy.

Someone knocked on his door.

THE DOOR OPENED; the calendar swayed on the rusty hook.

I brought you some nice hot coffee, said the landlady, not looking at him.

Willie pulled the coverlet up to his chin.

I'll set it right here, said the landlady. She put it down on the table beside his bed with the saucer on it. You could barely make out the design on the saucer. She went downstairs; she favored her right foot. Willie listened.

A nice young feller, well brought up, said the landlady. I just think I'll take him a cup of nice hot coffee, and she started up the stairs. A real nice boy, she said, probably never been away from home before, and she knocked at his door twice and then she came in.

Thank you ma'am, said Willie; he heard the door click downstairs. The pigeon rose heavily off the sill, trailing his yellow legs, and circled and came back and looked at Willie. Willie put the peanuts in a row on the sill and the pigeon ate them.

Someone flushed the toilet down the hall and Willie heard footsteps pass his door and go down the stairs. Even footsteps.

She'll be alone now, Willie said. He drank his coffee. It didn't taste like coffee at all and there wasn't an eggshell in it.

Willie climbed into the narrow bed with the blue ticking showing and pulled the coverlet that smelled of laundry soap up and some one knocked on his door.

The cat disappeared in the cupboard. Lilly didn't get up but turned over on her side; the slanting sun shone on her yellow hair.

I brought you some coffee, said the landlady.

Thank you ma'am, said Willie.

Ma says git up, said Henry, or you'll miss the train this afternoon.

Willie climbed into the old Ford, stepping over the guns and the jugs of moonshine, and sat on the old blanket.

So you're goin' to the city and get rich, said the friend of the family.

Willie didn't answer. Country lout, said the teacher.

Eh boy?

Willie didn't say anything.

The old Ford bumped along over the rocky road. The collection of firearms clanged. The moonshine bubbled and changed levels. Willie didn't say anything.

A queer one, muttered the old judge. He put the Ford in neutral and coasted the rest of the way to save gas. Willie got on the train.

Clinkity clinkity clinkity (more). It was pleasant.

Farewell my boy, said the old judge.

Farewell, said Willie.

You're a man now, said his mother.

Willie didn't say anything.

Bye, said Henry.

Bye, said Eustace.

Bye, said Percival.

Bye, said Lilly and Martha.

Don't go Willie! screamed Sarah, tugging at his sleeve.

Shut up Sarah. Kiss Sarah, said Ma.

No no no! yelled Sarah. I hate him.

Willie climbed in and stepped over the collection of firearms and jugs of moonshine and sat down hard on the old blanket as the Ford started off with a kick like a horse.

Someone knocked on his door.

He drank the coffee; it didn't taste like coffee. He dressed carefully and slowly in his store clothes and put on one of the pairs of four pairs of socks and his store shoes and took his raincoat off the hook and opened his door and stood in the hall. He stood there. He stood there like the old mare with nothing to do.

Move over, said his mother, I got to sweep the floor.

She'll be alone now, said Willie. There was daylight coming through the keyhole of the unoccupied room next to his. There was congealed blood on the soft breasts of the gray doves. Willie set his teeth against the screech but the rabbit didn't say anything. Grandpappy trudged through the underbrush, the rifle tucked under his arm, whistling softly off key. Willie followed along behind him. Willie almost stepped on the partridge. It took off as nois-

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ily as an egg beater, straight up. Grandpappy pivoted, Willie ducked. Ping! The partridge dropped like a stone. Willie smelled the sweet smell of smoking steel, and the air around him quivered like on a hot day on the road to school.

Willie stood outside the door of the unoccupied room. He was in one of his trances.

You'll be late to school, said his mother. Willie!

He studied the stain on the floor shaped almost like a cruller, only the rounded ends didn't meet. It looked like a girl's bottom. Willie heard the girl moving around inside the room. The keyhole darkened as she went past it and lightened again and darkened and lightened.

Adele, said Willie.

She stopped and listened; there was complete silence in the room, daylight in the keyhole and under the crack of the door. He waited. Then she moved about again. She brushed her red hair in front of the mirror. You could hear it snap. She put on her high-heeled slippers and Willie heard her tapping around the room like a bird on the roof. Before she had been barefoot, her toenails were scarlet, but now she had on the high heels and nylon stockings and a short black skirt just to her knees and a blouse open between her breasts.

Willie felt faint. His hand grasped the knife in his jeans.

Stop looking out the window and finish your theme, said the teacher. Willie fingered the sharp blade of the knife that he used to split the trouts' bellies.

Willie!

Willie flung the teacher on her back and lifted her skirt.

Willie, shut the window!

Willie took the knife and,

Willie! Do you hear me!

Yes ma'am, said Willie.

Is everything all right? said the landlady.

Just fine, said Willie.

WILLIE PUT ON THE GREEN EYESHADE they gave him and dipped the pen in the inkwell and copied the first page without any mistakes. Sincerely yours, he wrote. The man who was standing over him went away and he did the next page and the next and the next. And finally at twelve noon everyone got up and went into the cafeteria and Willie did too. Then everyone went to the men's room and Willie did too. He was very careful of the zipper.

Willie wrote slowly and carefully just exactly what it said on the typewritten page and his writing was neat and slanted just right. The teacher leaned over him and said, Very nice, Willie, you're improving. Willie didn't say anything.

Everyone got up and went to the water cooler with the clean white paper cups like ice-cream cones and had a drink and tossed the cups in a big wire wastebasket and Willie did too.

Willie copied the next page and the next and so on and everybody had a coffee break and so did he. Willie dipped the pen in the ink and carefully and painstakingly copied what was before him; he didn't know what it said but that was not important. He was hired to copy it, that's all, and make it look nice, Sincerely yours, he wrote. Somebody else folded the personal letters and the big boss signed them and somebody sealed them and somebody else stamped them and then they were put in a cart and rolled out in the hall. Sincerely yours, wrote Willie. A bell rang and Willie looked up and it was five o'clock and the teacher smiled at him. Willie lifted her skirt and put his hand on her leg. The teacher didn't say anything. Willie sat there.

Hey! Somebody clapped him on the shoulder.

Time to lock up, said the janitor. You goin' pretty soon?

Willie took off the eyeshade and put it in the drawer and saw the stout cord that had come off the cardboard suitcase that had belonged to Pappy from Sears Roebuck. Try it and see for yourself with our compliments, Sincerely yours, he wrote. Try it and see for yourself with our compliments, Sincerely yours.

The janitor clapped him on the back. Closing time, he said, young feller.

Look out for pickpockets, said Grandma, they're the clever ones. Willie hung onto his pay envelope and looked into the store window and saw the dish he was going to buy for Mom. It had a gold rim and a lady was driving in a carriage; you could see the rump of the horse; the lady had flowers on her hat.

Willie bought ten cents' worth of peanuts for the pigeon.

Willie climbed up the three flights of stairs, the landlady behind him, breathing hard.

Do you like it? the landlady said.

Willie didn't say anything. He heard her go down the stairs. She favored her right foot. Click.

Grandpappy raised his rifle.

Willie reached in the cupboard for the stool and carried it to the window and the window wouldn't open so he snapped the cords on the side and the window slid up by itself and he heard a flutter of wings. Zzt, zzt, said Willie. There were white droppings on the sill of the recessed window but Willie found a clean place and laid the peanuts in a row and the pigeon ate them and Willie closed the window gently. He could see the shape of the pigeon as it settled down, sank down into itself and tucked its head under its wing. Henry took aim with his slingshot.

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Willie caught his arm and the lark flew away to join its mate that was dropping notes like pebbles in the water from the topmost branch of the old ash. Willie's mother washed the blood of the doves off the sink.

Willie set his suitcase down and appraised the room. It was exactly the same. The cupboard, the washstand, the chair, the bed with the blue ticking showing and the thin clean quilt that smelled of laundry soap, and the rickety freshly painted table beside the bed with the lamp and a paper shade but no bulb, it was just for looks. A long thin finger of sunlight with multicolored dust specks in it picked out the tiny object on the scrubbed carpetless floor: a pin. The light made a ninety-degree turn and disappeared in the jellylike substance of Willie's right eye. He stepped aside but his eye had absorbed the light most likely because the ray of sunlight did not turn and follow him. Willie would use the pin later. On the rickety little table was a saucer. Willie picked it up and scrutinized it. The design was almost completely gone from frequent washings but you could still make out the outline of the horse's rump and spots of pink and blue of the flowers that had been on the lady's hat. The gold rim was gone. The saucer had cost him two days' pay but he wasn't sorry; he put it down gently.

None of the men working in the big oblong room spoke to Willie; it was as if he wasn't there. The girl who served the coffee in the cafeteria didn't look at Willie. She was always looking at the next one along the counter. She had red hair and her blouse was open between her breasts; only one button was buttoned. There was a blue mark on her neck.

Thank you ma'am, said Willie.

The girl looked at the next customer and didn't say anything. Country lout.

Willie studied the stain on the floor that looked like a cruller, it wasn't as obvious as it was before, it almost blended with the dark red, the faded red, of the width of carpet that ran the length of the hall. There wasn't a sound in the unoccupied room. She wasn't home yet or perhaps she was asleep. Willie stood there and listened. Was she on the other side of the door listening too? There was that special silence of listening which is a special silence. Willie's heart beat hard and fast, it was a strain listening like that. No shadow passed the keyhole or under the door.

WILLIE WIPED THE KNIFE off on the grass and put it in the pocket of his jeans; he threaded the stout cord that Mom had saved from the Sears Roebuck package under the gills of the trout that was next to the other trout, slightly larger, that was in the middle. There were three trout on the cord. Willie always split the trouts' bellies and cleaned them right there and washed them in the cold water of the brook because that way they didn't smell. His mother didn't like smelly fish in the kitchen. Willie wiped the blood off the knife by whipping it over the grass or, if there wasn't any grass, he cleaned it with a skunk-cabbage leaf in the spring.

Willie climbed into the narrow bed and pulled up the quilt and listened. He heard the man come up the stairs, fit the key in the lock and go inside. The man closed the door very softly as if he were ashamed and locked it from the inside as if he were afraid. The girl was there, she said something Willie couldn't make out, the man answered, the girl laughed. The two voices intermingled; it was just a murmurous murmur. Willie held his breath and tried to make out what the girl was saying. Only a murmur.

The train was going through the tunnel and it made a glumph sound as it went in and the engineer pulled the whistle cord as the train came out of the tunnel and the wail of the whistle went back into the tunnel and came out way back there, whoo whoo whoooooo, and Willie heard it and Sarah caught hold of his hand and said, Run Willie, run Willie! Whooo whooo whooo. The pigeon slept on the other side of the violet-colored glass, Willie could just make out his shape, and the cat jumped off the sill and leapt up onto the sink and very delicately sniffed the congealed blood on the soft gray breasts of the dead doves.

Scat! said Grandma.

Move over, Willie, whined Sarah, and Willie balanced himself on the very edge of the big bed, and Lilly recited her untranslatable gibberish, and Eustace sat up straight in bed in his white nightshirt and said very clearly, It's my fishing pole. No one contradicted Eustace, and Willie got up, Two doors down and to your left, said the landlady, and in his bare feet went outside to the outhouse. He was very careful of the zipper. It's dangerous, said Pappy. The little last quarter-moon cut out in the outhouse let in the real light of the big real moon that hung over the hills like a lantern. Whoo whoo whoooo went the train. Clinkity clinkity clinkity clinkity (more).

Is everything all right? said the landlady.

Willie didn't say anything. He padded back into the farmhouse and the cat lay colorless on the colorless cushion and the children looked like an assortment of pillows, only Lilly's blonde hair looked green in the moonlight that came in the east window. She was the eldest.

Willie got up to go outside to the outhouse. The kitchen door squeaked.

Don't go Willie! screamed Sarah. Don't go to the city!

Willie tucked his bottom into the small of Sarah's back and went to sleep. It was very pleasant. Clinkity clinkity

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clinkity clinkity (more) went the train. Sincerely yours, Sincerely yours, Sincerely yours, Willie wrote, Sincerely yours, (more) with our compliments. Nobody spoke to Willie; you would think he wasn't there. Except he stood in the door and saw the janitor go up to him sitting there and clap him on the shoulder and heard him say, Closing time, young feller, I got to clean up.

Willie was in one of his trances. Willie, please, I want to sweep the floor, said his mother.

The boy's a simpleton, said Pappy.

The train whistled, whoo whoo whoooo, and it didn't stop whistling. Whoo whooo whoooooo! A prolonged and terrible screech . . . whoooo-ahh! Willie's heart beat fast and hard. Willie slit the trout's pale belly and wiped the knife on the grass. The rabbit dropped out of the center of the arc of his leap over the brook and Grandpappy twisted his neck and spat. Willie set his teeth against the screech that came from the unoccupied room and after it the silence was like a piece of black velvet from Sears Roebuck a yard wide. Willie put his knife away in his jeans. He heard the door open and close, the door of the unoccupied room, and footsteps running downstairs, all three flights, and the front door click. Click.

Willie looked at the wrist watch that the teacher gave him. It was shining in the dark. In five minutes, he said. He was calm. His heart slowed; the sweat on his forehead evaporated. The pigeon slept, a dark shadow against the violet windowpane. Willie reached in the drawer of the little rickety table and took out the circle of stout cord.

Willie stood in the hall outside the closed door of the room where the red-haired girl slept.

Adele, he whispered.

He did not expect an answer. The old man down below slept lightly. Be quiet, said the landlady; my old man don't sleep good.

Willie tried the handle of the door that he knew was unlocked. He glanced at the watch the teacher gave him, he was right on time, he went in.

Is everything all right? said the landlady.

Just fine, said Willie.

Adele, said Willie.

Willie tied the wrists of the dead girl to the top bars of the iron bed with the stout cord his mother had saved from Sears Roebuck to tie up the old suitcase.

Willie, said Adele, you simpleton.

Willie took the knife out of his jeans.

Country lout, said Adele, don't make me laugh.

Please, said Willie, I want to.

Get out, said Adele, you bore me.

Adele, pleaded Willie, just once.

You disgust me, said Adele.

Willie lifted the dead girl's skirt. He felt faint.

Willie! admonished the teacher.

Willie split Adele's pale belly open from the navel through the vulva.

The terrible prolonged screech was like a rip in the black velvet cloth a yard wide. Willie wiped the knife clean of blood on the grass.

Willie ran down the three flights of stairs and out the front door. Click. The moon hung over the Ozarks like a lantern.

Willie sat in the outhouse until he began to shake with the cold.

Willie climbed gently into the big bed and shoved his bottom into the small of Sarah's back. It was very pleasant.

THE BROOK WAS LIMPID AND BLUE as the oilcloth on the kitchen table where Willie's mother was carefully laying the new stainless-steel spoons from Sears Roebuck. She circled the table as if she were dancing or skating, avoiding the cat who was doing figure eights between her legs, brushing her calves with her sailing tail. The cat had a foolish, confident look on her saucy face because she never upset anything on the mantel or on the window sill and wouldn't upset Willie's mother either.

Willie threaded the cord his mother saved from the Sears Roebuck parcel that the stainless-steel spoons had come in under the gills of the third trout and pushed it down against the second trout that lay quietly against the first trout. Willie slit the belly of each so neatly that you wouldn't know the fish was cut at all. Willie's mother sent him to the barn to sharpen the knife on the grindstone: it was very sharp. The fourth trout was already nosing the hook as if he had been caught before and would be again and his struggle to get off the line was just an act because Willie already had slit his pale belly, washed him clean in the brook, and threaded him onto the cord from Sears Roebuck that his mother had saved because she saved things. It pays to save things, she said, and first she wrapped the cord around her hand and then put it away in the drawer.

Willie wiped the knife off along the grass and the drops of blood looked pretty, like tiny red soap bubbles. Sarah sat on the back step and blew a big soap bubble out of Grandpappy's old clay pipe and it rose up and sailed over the barn and the outhouses and sparkled in the sunlight. Look Willie, look! yelled Sarah; the sky is in it.

Willie put the knife away in his jeans. He stood so close to the teacher he could smell the perfume behind her ears like Easter lilies maybe in church next Sunday.

Fishing, said Willie as if the teacher had asked him a question; four beauties. He slit their pale bellies.

The catbird who was watching Willie from the white

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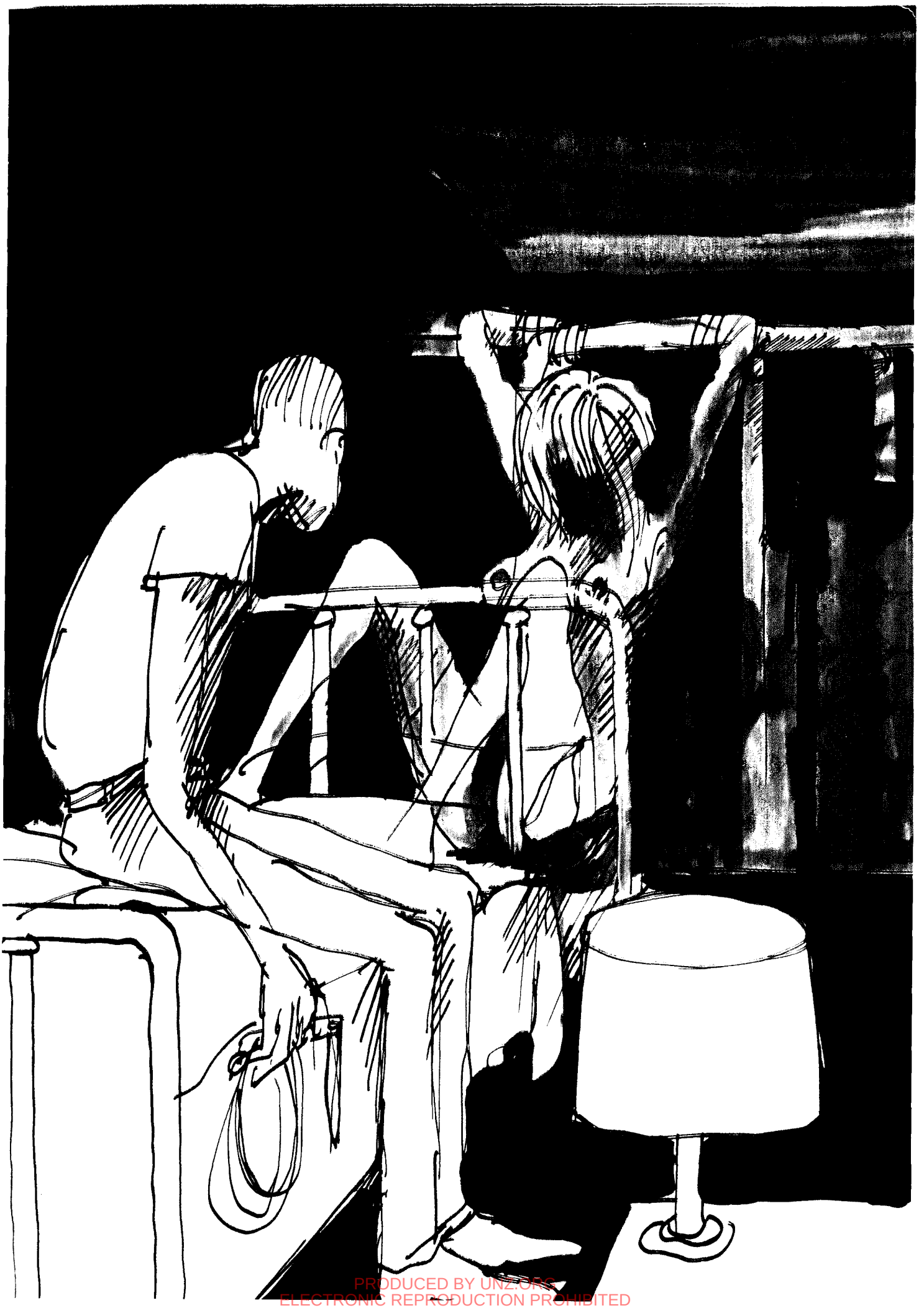

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birch whistled a dozen clear notes imitating the red-winged blackbird and then let out a snort like the blue jay. The white birch had strips peeled off it that the children fashioned canoes out of, not yet but they would later like before.

Willie looked at the teacher's throat that was smooth and soft as a marshmallow; the top button of her blouse was unbuttoned. Willie felt faint; he fingered the knife in his jeans. Sharpen it good, said his mother.

Please lie down, said Willie; his voice trembled; the teacher didn't say anything.

Willieeeee. Sarah's voice came wavering through the trees as thin as a wire. Willieeeee . . .

Hurry up, said the teacher, Willie hurry up, don't dawdle.

Move over, said Willie's mother, I have to sweep the floor.

The boy's a simpleton, said Pappy.

Scat! said Grandma and the cat left the room.

A shot rang out, the pigeon didn't stir. It was only a dark compact shadow behind the violet glass.

He's only half a man, said Grandpappy. Skeered of a shot.

Willie wiped the knife off along the grass and put it in his jeans.

Hello Willie, what are you doing? The girl stood sturdily as if she were growing right out of the moss, her legs wide apart, there were scratches on her shins from the wild roses in the woods, it looked like embroidery. Tiny drops of congealed blood no bigger than the head of a pin encircled her sturdy calves and dotted her shins.

Willie was surprised, she looked so real, the red-haired girl who was sitting two seats away in the fourth grade. Out of the window Willie saw fluffy white clouds in a blue sky. Willie! the teacher warned.

Hello Willie, what you doing? the girl said. What you doing, Willie?

Willie wiped off the knife on the grass.

The little guts and liver of the trout moved slowly down the stream until a twig stopped them, a hatch of gnats the color of gunpowder changed its course and hung over the trout's tiny pink heart, a fingerling broke the surface and the hatch rose up out of the arc he described, he looked like a teaspoon from Sears Roebuck, and a gentle thermo lifted the gnats and moved them over the blueberry bush, where they waited suspended like a sigh. Willie sighed. Two young turtles with purple lips slid lazily off a flat stone.

Hello Willie, what you doing?

A second thermo raised the hatch of gnats up and dispersed them entirely.

Willie, Willieeeeee! Sarah's voice was like a wire, it poked around in his insides and irritated him.

Willie, Willieeee, shrilled the catbird, Willieeeee eeeeie eeeie blip, it mimicked the brown thrush sweet as molasses candy.

Hello Willie, what you doing?

Willie cleaned the knife very carefully with a skunk-cabbage leaf.

Fishing, said Willie; two beauties.

The red-haired girl had a sucking little mouth; she looked right out of the calendar at Willie, there was snow in her hair and she wore one red mitten.

Maybelle, Willie said, let me see your notebook.

Don't touch me! said the red-haired girl.

Please, said Willie, just once.

Willie! warned the teacher.

You! said the little girl, you make me sick.

Willie took a big tuft of Maybelle's red hair and pulled it hard. It stretched.

OW! Do it again, said Maybelle.

THE CATBIRD WHISTLED LIKE A SAILOR and the third big trout jumped out of the stream, missed the dragonfly and tumbled back tailfirst. Two turtles woke up where they were sunning themselves on a flat stone and slid sideways into the water. Plop, plop.

Let's fool a little, said Maybelle.

Willie lifted her skirt.

Stop it! she said.

Please, said Willie, let me look.

No No No! said Maybelle. Look at what?

You know, said Willie. He shoved her down under the willow. She struggled furiously. She hit him and kicked him but he pulled down her panties from Sears Roebuck and saw the little round belly as pale as the trouts' but plumper, rounder, a demarcation bisecting it as if it had been split open and put together again long ago.

You nasty disgusting boy, Maybelle yelled, I'll tell the teacher. Freeing herself, she hit him as hard as she could with her fist. Beast beast beast beast, nasty disgusting horrid dirty beast. Stinker!

Maybelle, said Willie softly.

Shut up!

Maybelle, said Willie softly.

Shut up!

Willie wiped the knife off along the grass and put it in his jeans.

Maybelle, said Willie softly.

Shut up!

Maybelle ran away.

Plunk! out of the sky. The thrush and the red-winged blackbird and the catbird left the premises; a bunch of

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turtles that had been invisible like oblong blots of inky shadow tumbled into the water. The rock Maybelle had thrown at Willie

Missed me by a mile! yelled Willie.

Stinker! hollered Maybelle but when the sound of her voice reached Willie it was little and useless. You could see Maybelle running away about an inch high over the meadow. Maybelle would have to cross the track to get home. Willie saw himself in the window of the coach in his store suit from Sears Roebuck. The conductor didn't look at him, he didn't say Going to the city young feller to get rich? Willie held out his ticket and waited for the circlets of paper to fall on his store pants, then he would brush them off. There was a slight bump as the train for the city went over Maybelle as she tripped and fell in the cinders. The trout's tiny pink heart impaled on the twig quivered.

The teacher's blouse was unbuttoned. The first fish smelled a little, a faint perfume came out of its mouth that was open as if it was yawning. It smelled like lily of the valley. I don't like smelly fish, said his mother.

Willie picked up the string of trout and started home through the woods . . .

Stinker! . . . Stinker! . . . Stinker! It was so far away it sounded like a caress. Willie felt it on his cheek like a drop of rain.

Willie smiled.

It began to rain.

A big black crow walked ahead of Willie carrying a banner, an old handkerchief. The female water snake slithered beside the path, on either side of her a pretty little baby snake, no bigger around than a shoelace. Willie didn't bother them and they didn't bother Willie, neither did he want to step on the trailing arbutus because his mother loved it. He looked and looked at Maybelle's round white belly, he forgot to put the navel in but he remembered the demarcation as if, and the.

Maybelle hit him with her fist as hard as she could. Willie stopped smiling. Maybelle tripped on the track as the express came through but she didn't lose her balance so Willie shoved her from behind and there was a slight bump, nobody on the train noticed it. Just a crate of oranges, said the engineer.

Williee Willieee! Sarah sat on the back step and hollered. Willie stopped at the place and the next place along the path where he and Sarah fooled. Eustace spied on them through the underbrush but you couldn't tell his eyes from the huckleberries or his legs from the fork in the sapling or his brown tuft of hair from last year's bird's nest.

(Dear Mom, wrote Eustace from the front, I haven't seen the enemy yet.)

Willie smelled the lilies like in church as he came into the kitchen.

Your teacher's been here, said his mother.

Willie didn't say anything.

Willie's home, said Sarah.

Your teacher's been here, Willie, said his mother.

I hear, said Willie.

Don't speak hasty to your mother, said Grandma from the comfortable chair. She's the only one you've got. Grandma dropped a knitting needle and the cat pounced. Scat! said Grandma. Willie, reach me my needle.

Willie, said his mother . . . the teacher . . .

Time is of the essence, said the teacher.

Willie looked at the watch the teacher left at the house for him in a real jeweler's box.

Gimme, said Sarah.

Goodbye, Mom.

Goodbye, son, you're a man now.

Don't go Willie! yelled Sarah.

Look out for pickpockets, said Grandma, they're the sly ones.

I bought you some peanuts, said Lilly, with my own money.

Willie laid the peanuts on the sill because the pigeon would not take them from his hand.

Thanks, Lilly. Lilly was the eldest.

Goodbye, said Eustace (I won't see you again).

Don't say that, said Grandma who could hear very well.

Never mind, Mom, said Eustace.

What did you say? said Mom.

I'll get me a squirrel, said Grandpappy.

Pesky squirrels, said Grandma, Put on your rubbers, Dad, the dew's falling, the dew's falling.

Hop in, boy, said the old judge. Fergit anything?

Willie didn't answer. He stepped over the collection of firearms and the two jugs of moonshine and sat down hard on the horse blanket as the old Ford kicked like the gray mare after a bucketful of oats and trundled off down the road singing almost like a top. The five twenty-eight roared into the station as if maybe she wasn't going to stop but the engineer was just playing, a big grin on his face, his head sticking out of the window in a blue-and-white-striped cap, and the brakes screamed and the steam billowed up and the sparks came off the tracks like Fourth of July and the couplings went Whack! Whack!

Aboard! yelled the conductor.

She's right on time, said the old judge. Farewell my boy.

Willie didn't say anything.

Farewell my boy.

Willie didn't answer.

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BOOKS ART CINEMA THEATRE MISCELLANY

Books:

THE ARMY'S LONGEST RECRUITING PAMPHLET

by Don Duncan

THE GREEN BERETS *by Robin Moore. New York: Avon. 334 pp. $.95.*

In collecting material for his book *The Green Berets*, Robin Moore was a willing victim of Special Forces propaganda. Impressed with the PR image of Special Forces, Moore obviously was flattered at the prospect of being associated with this organization. He has attributed characteristics, usually only found in Special Forces recruiting pamphlets, to the men with whom he actually came in contact. The author has painted a picture of Special Forces as they might once have been and as they would like to be—but not as they are. Instead of questioning what he actually saw, he perpetuated a Special Forces self-created myth.

Had the training which he went through been as physically strenuous and as complete and extensive as he describes, he could not have survived physically and six weeks or six months would not have given him even a small degree of expertise in such a wide range of subjects. He tries to leave the reader with the impression that the school which he attended at Fort Bragg trained him as an expert in the use of all foreign weapons (the crossbow, the longbow, etc.), an expert in the use of special demolitions, and an expert in karate and judo. Skyhook and Halo-Scuba infiltration are a couple of other little goodies he mastered while at Fort Bragg. Anybody familiar with any of these subjects recognizes that the time necessary to gain an expertise in even one would require the total amount of time he spent at the school. (The weapons course alone is an eight-week course and it does not even pretend to make a man an expert.) All of these courses are offered at Fort Bragg as individual subjects; what Moore received was a briefing or demonstration of most of them. He should not feel cheated, however, because only a very small percentage of Special Forces soldiers are thoroughly trained in many of these subjects.

. . . Skyhook and Halo-Scuba infiltration . . .

When describing the basic unit of Special Forces—the 12-man 'A' team—the information he didn't lift from the field manual he found in Special Forces' recruiting posters and pamphlets. In some places he uses almost direct quotes from these pamphlets.

That there are men in Special Forces who, in hand-to-hand combat, "have no superiors blending judo, karate, wrestling, boxing . . ." is perhaps true, but they would not average out to one per team. All Special Forces men are not expert parachutists, many (like Moore) having barely graduated from jump school.

. . . All Special Forces men are not expert parachutists . . .

Among the men in Special Forces, especially officers, there is a conscious attempt to perpetuate the myth of Special Forces, through publicity. This is ironic in an organization which, when I first became part of it, prohibited the taking of photographs of its members and which is now second only to the U.S. Marines for grabbing journalistic space. The book is full of lean, steely-eyed men. Moore is obviously in need of male heroes to worship, and this glorification follows. A short walk around Smoke Bomb Hill at Fort Bragg shows that the main difference between men in Special Forces and men in the rest of the Army is the wearing of the green beret. Many of those joining Special Forces in the last three years have been young men looking for glamour or senior NCOs looking for promotions and extra money. They put on the beret and try to play the role. Each one sees himself as a "guerrilla" or "killer." Although Special Forces training clearly points out the importance of civic action programs in counter-insurgency, the biggest bitch of these self-styled John Waynes is the fact that they are forced to build schools and distribute food when they should be out doing their "real job"—killing Viet Cong.

. . . senior NCOs looking for promotions . . .

Some amazing things did come out of

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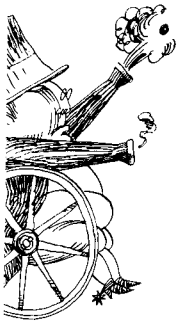
this book, however; strictly by accident, I'm sure. To build a background for his rugged, all-man type heroes, he does portray segments of Vietnamese life and the mental attitudes of many Americans in that country. To those able to look behind the erotic, man's magazine-type sensationalism, he has inadvertently presented a good case for our getting out of Vietnam and has pointed up our mistakes in being there in the first place.



He confirms that the military in Vietnam many times did "not go strictly by State and Defense Department Policy." He talks of "snow storms"—a word to describe military brass in Saigon painting a rosy picture to United States officials in Washington.

This practice of keeping the administration optimistic allowed the military to work us into a position where we either had to withdraw from Vietnam ingloriously or escalate the war to perpetuate our mistakes. Time and again Moore points to actions of the CIA which violated international law. Moore has perfected double-think in rationalizing CIA actions. He tells of the CIA sending in United States personnel to train and arm people in Laos (a violation of the Geneva Treaty) against the day when "Hanoi and Pathet Lao Headquarters break the Geneva Treaty."

. . . actions of ie CIA which violate international law . . .

While gleefully setting down gory details of the murder of a hamlet chief, he accidently brings to light some facts about the village chiefs who are assassinated, "the hamlet chief had been a Catholic . . ." —this in a Buddhist hamlet. "Her father had been loyal to the Diem regime . . ."— a man hated by the people. Moore tries to show this killing of village or hamlet chiefs appointed by the central government as proof that the Vietcong are little better than animals, but when he projects Special Forces in a like role in North Vietnam he rationalizes these murders with United States soldiers saying: "the great value of assassinating political chiefs . . . (is) that you hurt the central government without alienating the population."

. . rationalizes these murders United States soldiers . . .

Throughout the book, Moore points out that the people we are supporting are corrupt, dishonest and/or are former officials and soldiers who fought for the French against the majority of their own people. He tries to convince the reader that the only "friendlies" offering effective response to the Viet Cong are such groups as the various Montagnard tribes. But he fails to note that most Montagnards have

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been at odds with the Vietnamese for many years. Their loyalty is not with the Saigon government but to the people who train, arm and pay them—the men in the green berets. For the first time they can legally kill the hated Vietnamese. The fact that they are Viet Cong or North Vietnamese is only incidental to them.

In two different places he extols the virtues of Colonel Lam Son, a commander of the LLBD (South Vietnamese Special Forces). This man did not clean up corruption in his organization as Moore implies, he only changed its form. Lam Son (a former soldier with the French) talked a good game, was very outgoing in his manner, and spoke excellent English. These seem to be his main qualifications for the position he held. On one occasion some of his officers went A.W.O.L., complete with cameras, from a maximum security area 48 hours prior to their scheduled infiltration of Laos, *after* they had received their final destination briefing. Did he cancel the operation? No. Did he jail the miscreants when they returned? No. Did he make an effort to find out exactly where they had been and to whom they had talked? No. All was forgiven. The men were put on the teams and sent on their way, with a drunk Colonel Lam Son to see them off. With his troops becoming more and more hated by the people (tired of seeing him blatantly living in large villas with what almost amounted to a harem on call—all at United States expense—his love for the grape, his habit of conveniently disappearing when decisions had to be made), he was finally relieved of command and sent to a minor post in Laos.

. . . some of his officers went A.W.O.L. . . .

Moore has tried to present a mandate for the war in Vietnam. He has succeeded only in showing that the Saigon government, the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN) and the United States forces in South Vietnam are not close to the aspirations of the people, that each has its own ax to grind. By accidently revealing an insight into the military mind and a display of Nazi-like admiration for violence and force, he has given the American people some very good reasons for getting out of Vietnam—the opposite of what he intended.

. . . a display of Nazi-like admiration . . .

Don Duncan recently quit United States Special Forces in Vietnam. (See why in his story beginning on p. 12.)

THINKER IN A TIME OF DEARTH

by Kurt J. Reinhardt

HEIDEGGER: THROUGH PHENOMENOLOGY TO THOUGHT *by William J. Richardson, S.J.—Preface by Martin Heidegger. The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff. 764 pp. $15.00.*

It was in November 1947 that the writer of this review, while engaged in a discussion of some central problems of Martin Heidegger's philosophy, turned for enlightenment to his one-time (1920–1922) teacher at the University of Freiburg. Heidegger, born in 1889, had succeeded Edmund Husserl, the founder of Phenomenology, in 1928, and in 1933, as Rector of the University, had delivered an address in which he expressed qualified approval of some aspects of the National Socialist revolution. After the defeat of Germany and the occupation of Freiburg by the French, Heidegger was prematurely forced into temporary retirement. However, he was soon exonerated and reinstated. He resumed his teaching on a part-time basis.

In view of the ensuing crude and cruel exploitation of the professor's political *faux pas* by hostile critics, it may be of interest to quote a brief passage from the letter which this writer received from the author of *Being and Time* in reply to his inquiry. Heidegger wrote: "The study in which you are engaged with Mr. T. promises to bear rich fruit. During the years I taught at the University of Marburg [1923–1927], I repeatedly conducted seminars dealing with the problem of 'temporality,' with special reference to the profound reflections found in St. Augustine's *Confessiones* (Books X and XI). These texts, in addition to Book V of *De Trinitate,* are best suited to penetrate directly and concretely to the core of this kind of philosophico-theological thinking. As to your question concerning the critical evaluation of my philosophy by Roman Catholic authors, I refer you to two recent articles in the Göttinger Universitätszeitung. The one was written by a former Franciscan friar who, after leaving the monastery, became a pupil of Professor Nicolai Hartmann in Berlin. His critique is unfriendly and largely negative. It fails completely to see the real issues. The second article, presumably intended as a refutation of certain misinterpretations on the part of the ex-Franciscan, was written by Johannes B. Lotz, S.J., who from 1936 to 1938 did extensive and intensive work under my direction and who is at present a Professor of Metaphysics at the Jesuit College in München-Pullach. Fr. Lotz presents certain essential insights without attempting

. . . "His critique is unfriendly and largely negative" . . .

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to cover the entire spectrum of my work. The substantial volume by A. De Waehlens of the University of Louvain views my entire philosophy from rigidly determined scholastic premises and, as a consequence, his perspective is not sufficiently free and open to evaluate the genuine problems posed by Greek philosophy in general and by the thinking of Aristotle in particular."

. the rut of traditional nventional hinking . . .

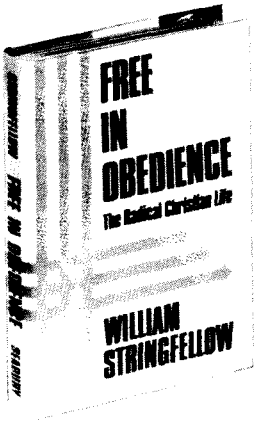
Unfortunately, Heidegger's observations apply to much of the steadily growing bulk of critical-interpretative books and articles: they abound with distortions and misunderstandings, some of them resulting from plain mental inertia or from an unwillingness to abandon the rut of traditional and conventional thinking, others from the malicious intent to denigrate a philosopher who, because of his search for roots in the rootless society of the interval between two world wars, had for a brief moment misjudged the true nature of National Socialism. The mere fact that many of Heidegger's most loyal followers are Jews should go a long way to disassociate the German philosopher from the primitive-bestial racism of Nazi "philosophy." One does also well to remember that Heidegger is in Stefan Schimanski's words, "a peasant by birth and tradition" who—as a native of the little town of Messkirch in the German Province of Baden—shares with the tillers of the soil in Germany's Black Forest region his stockiness, sturdiness, and stubbornness. This is probably one of the reasons why he has not felt it necessary to offer any apologies for his political heresy.

It is true enough that Heidegger, like Hegel, has contributed his own weighty share to the misinterpretation of his thought, chiefly by creating a philosophic language all his own, reverting to long-forgotten root meanings of words and concepts and coining an entire new terminology in his never ending groping quest for an adequate verbal expression of novel ideas. None of Heidegger's detractors, to be sure, has gone to such lengths as Dagobert Runes, the publisher of the "Philosophical Library" in New York, who with only the flimsiest kind of evidence recently presented Heidegger and Hitler as veritable blood-brothers, giving his mischievous attack an added flourish of sensationalism by adorning the jacket of his booklet with a huge swastika and adding in large lettering the sub-title " German Existentialism" (New York, 1964).

eidegger and r as veritable l-brothers . . .

The controversial philosopher of Existence had previously been accused of atheism, immoralism, anti-humanism, and nihilism. Heidegger himself has dealt with these and similar indictments specifically in his *Letter on Humanism* (1947) which was addressed to M. Jean Beaufret, a French intellectual, who had asked a number of pertinent questions. One of them had referred to the possibility of a restoration of true "humanism" in the West. In his reply Heidegger pointed out that none of the traditional "humanistic" definitions of man does justice to the dignity of the human being. If the *humanitas* of man rests on man's essence or nature, this essence must be properly defined. And if "humanism" is understood as implying the free recovery of man's *humanitas* or human dignity, then there are as many different kinds of "humanism" as there are differing concepts of the "freedom" and the "nature" of man. And every such "humanism" is then grounded in a specific metaphysics; that is, it presupposes a specifically determined view of the essence of man. Karl Marx, for example, was convinced that he had discovered man's essence embodied in the "social" or the "socialized" man. For

. . . a restoration of true "humanism". . .



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him the sum total of human needs and wants (food, clothing, procreation, economic subsistence, etc.) is secured and safeguarded in and by society. The Christian, on the other hand, defines man's *humanitas* by setting it off from *Deitas*. In this perspective man is seen as "the child of God," obedient to the call of the Father in the following of Christ, the incarnate God-Man. Man's "being-in-this-world" is regarded as a transitory passage to the plenitude of supernatural life. The Aristotelian-scholastic tradition in turn defines man as a "rational animal." Is this scholastic definition really satisfactory and exhaustive? It seems to Heidegger that, within the Thomistic-scholastic frame of reference, man remains cast in the molds of the natures of plants and brutes, marked off from them only by a specific difference which is unconvincingly superadded. In other words, Heidegger asserts that the pitfalls of naturalism and positivistic biologism are not overcome by grafting on the physical and physiological nature of man an immortal soul, on the *soma* a *psyche,* and on the *psyche* an *intellectus.* The fact that physiology, biology, and chemistry can investigate and analyze the human *soma* scientifically as one natural organism among a multitude of others does not validate the assertions of positivists and behaviorists who view human nature as constituted or even conditioned by the *soma* alone.

. . . Is this scholastic definition really satisfactory? . . .

Heidegger thus has no qualms of conscience at all in admitting that to the extent that his analyses of past "humanisms" amount to a rejection of these traditional views, his position is definitely "anti-humanistic." And why? Simply because these traditional "humanisms" grossly underestimate (or at times overestimate) man's *humanitas*. "Because," says Heidegger, "we have spoken out against 'humanism,' our critics fear that we defend the inhuman and extol barbaric brutality. For what could be more 'logical' than the assumption that a philospher who opposes traditional forms of humanism must of necessity be enamored with the inhuman and sub-human? Because we have called in question the absolute validity of formal logic, our critics conclude that we advocate the abandonment of the rigor of thinking and propagate irrationalism . . . Because we have criticized certain 'theories of value,' we are being accused of having nothing but contempt for 'the highest goods of humanity' . . . Because we see human existence *(Dasein)* as 'being-in-the-world,' we are said to have degraded man by describing him as a purely this-worldly creature. For what is more 'logical' than to conclude that a thinker who asserts the 'worldishness' of man denies of necessity the 'other-worldly' and therewith any kind of transcendence?

. . . "our critics fear that we defend the inhuman" . . .

. . . Nietzsche's saying that 'God is dead' . . .

"Because we have meditated on Nietzsche's saying that 'God is dead,' our critics declare that we are teaching atheism. For what is more 'logical' than to assume that a thinker who has experienced the 'death of God' in the present age is a thoroughly 'god-less' individual? And because in all these matters we have taken our stand against supposedly sacrosanct valuations, we are told that we are teaching a destructive 'nihilism.' For what is more 'logical' than the conclusion that a philosopher who calls in question the absoluteness of the truth of beings and existents must of necessity equate Being and Nothingness? . . .

"Now what is going on here? With the aid of their much heralded 'logic' and *ratio* our critics argue that what is not wholly positive must of necessity be totally negative. They are so filled to the brim with 'logic' that they feel compelled to brand as damnable negation everything that runs counter to the customary drowsiness of thinking. And yet, to advance arguments against traditional logic . . . simply means to pay heed to that '*logos*' which manifested itself early in the history of Western thought.

. . . They are so filled to the brim with 'logic' . . .

"And what about 'values'? Those things which are commonly designated as 'values,' such as culture, art, science, human dignity, the world, God, and so on, are of course not worthless. We ourselves rather deprive things and beings of their inherent autonomy and dignity by applying the label 'value': they are much more than mere 'objects of value' for some subject. Every valuation implies a subjectivation. And calling God the 'supreme value' . . . is the greatest blasphemy imaginable. To argue against absolute 'values' means to protest against modern subjectivism and to call for a confrontation of thought with the Truth of Being."

. . . the greatest blasphemy imaginable . . .

The question of the Truth of Being—the cornerstone of Heidegger's "fundamental ontology"—and the equally relevant question concerning the way in which man is related to the Truth of Being are, according to Heidegger, inaccessible to traditional Western metaphysics. To think the Truth of Being means for him to think the *humanitas* of the *homo humanus*. And his assertion that the es-

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sence of man coincides with man's "being-in-the-world" implies no decision as to whether man is a this-worldly or other-worldly being in any theologico-ontological sense. In this phenomenological description of the nature and condition of man, nothing at all is said as yet concerning the existence of God.

Denker in dürftiger Zeit—"Thinker in in a Time of Dearth"—reads the title of Karl Löwith's penetrating study of Heidegger's philosophy. This title relates specifically to Heidegger's essays on the German poet Hölderlin (1770–1843) which meditate on the interrelation of philosophy and poetry, an interrelation which forms one of the main themes of the "later Heidegger." Hölderlin sings and Heidegger speaks of the "Foursome" (*das Geviert*) wherein man "dwells": earth, sky, gods, and mortals, belonging together in an aboriginal unity. "To dwell," writes Vincent Vycinas, the Oregon thinker and home-builder, "is to spare the earth, receive the sky, expect the gods, and to have a capacity for death. The sparing of the earth and receiving of the sky means letting all the things on the earth and in the sky *be* the way they are in themselves by not subjugating them forcefully to our subjective manipulation" (*Earth and Gods —An Introduction to the Philosophy of Martin Heidegger, p. 15*).

earth, sky, nd mortals, belonging ogether . . .

. . . the old gods have sunk into oblivion . . .

Because of Hölderlin's profound insight into the nature of poetry, he is for Heidegger "the poet of the poet." Hölderlin felt himself an intermediary between "the gods" and his fellow-men, trying to communicate to men what he had learned of the gods and "to name the Holy." In the modern age—the age of Hölderlin, Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, and Heidegger—the old gods have sunk into oblivion, and the "new God" has not yet appeared: God "remains afar, withholding His presence," and "holy names are lacking." Instead of trying to fill the void with substitute gods or idols, it rather behooves man to persevere in this dark night and, meanwhile, to ready himself for the time when the word that could "name" the High One will be granted again: while the Light has gone out of the West and night has fallen, there is, says Heidegger, nothing to do but wait and hope for the grace of a new dawn.

These crucial questions and partly oblique and ambivalent answers that constitute the structural pattern of Heideg-

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ger's thinking are explored and explicated with great scholarly skill in the probably definitive Heidegger interpretation of Fr. William J. Richardson, S.J. The author, a native New Yorker, is Professor of Philosophy at the University of Louvain. Heidegger has graced the impressive volume with a Preface in which he once more attempts to answer some salient questions submitted to him by Richardson. They concern in particular "the initial impetus that determined the way" of Heidegger's thought and "the much discussed 'reversal' (*die Kehre)*" in Heidegger's later works; that is, the supposed "break" between the Heidegger who wrote *Sein und Zeit* ("Being and Time," 1927) and the "later Heidegger." "I hesitate with my answers," writes Heidegger, "for . . . the lesson of long experience leads me to surmise that such indications will not be taken as directions for the road of independent reflection . . . which each must travel for himself. . . . This preamble is not the lament of a man misunderstood; it is rather the recognition of an almost insurmountable difficulty in making oneself understood." With this reservation Heidegger proceeds to a tentative formulation of the question which determined the way of his thought. It reads: "What is the pervasive, simple, unified determination of Being that permeates all of its multiple meanings? This question raised another: What, then, does Being mean? To what extent (why and how) does the Being of beings unfold in the four modes which Aristotle constantly affirms, but whose common origin he leaves undetermined? . . . How can these four modes be brought into comprehensible accord?" Heidegger then points out that dialogues with Edmund Husserl lead him to the adoption of the phenomenological method and how a renewed study of Book IX of the *Metaphysics* and Book VI of the *Nicomachean Ethics* of Aristotle resulted in the insight into Truth, understood as *a-letheia* (revealment, non-concealment). With this insight came recognition of the fundamental trait of *Usia*, i.e., the Being of beings: Presence (*Anwesenheit*). "The disquieting question about Being under the guise of Presence developed into the question about Being in terms of its time-character," and "it became clear that the traditional concept of time was in no respect adequate." Thus *Time* became questionable in the same way as *Being*.

. . . "I hesitate with my answers" . . .

. . . the Being of beings: Presence . . .

As to the "reversal" in his thinking, Heidegger states that he himself spoke of it for the first time in the *Letter on Humanism* in 1947. "The inference has thus been drawn that since 1947 Heidegger's thought has undergone 'inversion' or even, since 1945, 'con-version.' " But "the matter thought in the term 'reversal' was already at work in my thinking ten years prior to 1947." The change in his way of thinking is thus "not a consequence of altering the standpoint, much less of abandoning the fundamental issue, of *Being and Time*." And the change was, in the last analysis, necessitated by the opening of a new perspective in the relationship of the question of Truth to the question of Being: "What is at stake here is not only an alteration in the traditional conception of Truth . . . .What is at stake is a transformation in man's Being itself. This transformation is not demanded by new psychological or biological insights . . . Man comes into question here in the deepest and broadest . . . perspective . . . in his relation to Being."

. . . "Man comes into question here" . . .

Thus the distinction which Richardson makes between Heidegger I and II is valid only if we keep in mind that "only by way of what Heidegger I has thought does one gain access to what is to be thought by Heidegger II." The German philosopher concludes his Preface by expressing the wish that Richardson's work may "help to set in motion the manifold thinking of the simple business of thought, which, by reason of its very simplicity, abounds in hidden plenitude." This statement confirms what those familiar with the thinking of Husserl and Heidegger have always known, namely, that "the end" is actually a return to the beginning, a return to that "second *naïveté* after deepest reflection" of which Plato, the Gospels and St. Paul, Malebranche and Gratry, Friedrich Schiller, Franz von Baader, Heinrich von Kleist and Thomas Mann have spoken in different contexts and slightly varying formulas but always with an identical meaning. Peter Wust (1884–1940), "the philosopher of Münster," perhaps expressed this idea most succinctly when he wrote: "Modern philosophy has declined in direct proportion to its underestimation or overestimation of human nature. And so I said to myself: If we want to rebuild philosophy, we must put an end to the Babylonian confusion of concepts. We must, in short, build a new anthropology on the basis of a new and more truthful image of man." Thus the Heidegger of 1965 "reverts" to the Heidegger of 1917 who, during a vacation

. . . put an end to the Babylonian confusion . . .

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spent on the island of Reichenau, wrote the poem titled (in Richardson's translation)

Eventide on Reichenau
Over the waters flows a silvern
shimmer
Forth to distant, darkened shores.
And in the summer-weary,
dew-damp gardens
Falls, like a lover's word withheld,
The night....
A bird sings one last song.
And the yield to me of shining
summer day
Rests like heavy fruit—
From long eternities
A burden beyond sense—
For me in the great desert
Of a great simplicity.

degger's k Forest treat...

The isle of Reichenau is located on the western arm of Lake Constance. It harbors an important center of Christian medieval culture, the ancient Benedictine abbey founded by St. Pirmin in 714. There is, says Richardson, "a long and winding way that leads from Reichenau to Todtnauberg," Heidegger's Black Forest retreat. It is Heidegger's way: "Past the moor and through the fields it winds its way over the hills, only to wander now this way, now that, along uncharted forest trails. Yet for all its meanderings, it moves in a single direction, it is but a single way. The purpose of these pages is to trace in some measure that way in order to raise the question if others may walk it too." What the author calls "these pages" refers to the more than 1100 typewritten pages of his original manuscript. In editing it, Richardson took as his working principle the avoidance of any unnecessary repetition. He has restricted synoptic synthesis to the Introduction and the Conclusion. The work as a whole is divided along very simple lines: Part I discusses the early Heidegger; Part II deals with the "reversal"; Part III examines the writings of the later Heidegger. The last work analyzed is the treatise *What E-vokes Thought?* (1952). The author feels that with a discussion of the university lectures of that year he has "reached the point of diminishing returns." It is unfortunate, however, that Heidegger's massive two volumes on *Nietzsche* (Pfullingen, 1961), representing the revised full text of university lectures delivered at Freiburg between 1936 and 1940 could not be included in the analysis because they appeared after the conclusion of Richardson's research.

idegger's ssive two lumes...

In his own Preface the author states that the scope and style of his exposition were determined by the desire to present a scientifically sound and valid *hermeneutic* but to do so "in a language intelligible to discerning students of the English-speaking world who approach Heidegger with some philosophical background but with no specialized familiarity with his manner or his milieu" (p. XXVII). As far as a "critical attitude" and evaluation are concerned, the author adheres consistently to an admirable self-effacing attempt at objectivity, thus heeding Leopold von Ranke's advice to would-be historians: to tell *wie es eigentlich gewesen ist.* "We are trying to understand Heidegger's notion of thought and nothing else... We try simply *to let Heidegger be* (reviewer's italics) and thus throw light on himself." The author confesses, somewhat reluctantly, that his entire work "suffers from chronic hyphenitis," so that "pur-ists may even find it an-noy-ing." However, "this purely mechanical device sometimes transposes the German original, sometimes is the writer's own invention to express by several words what in German is a single idea, sometimes calls attention to unfamiliar meaning for a familiar word. It is really not very often that we do it out of sheer mal-ice."

...his entire work "suffers from chronic hyphenitis"...

It is a fascinating and extremely rewarding undertaking to join the author in "watching a thinker follow his star." In this highly successful experiment lies the secret and the signal importance of Richardson's study. In thus applying the interpretative phenomenological *hermeneutic* first recommended by Wilhelm Dilthey and then further developed by Husserl and Heidegger the author has succeeded in disclosing to the reader the multiple dimensions of Heidegger's work.

Richardson concludes his study by asking the pertinent questions: what is the ultimate mystery of Being? And what of the thinker himself who is trying to probe and illumine the depths of the mystery? In other words, is the radical and ineluctable finitude of Being really and necessarily definitive? Is it really Heidegger's final word? In its mysterious "presence," Being is "Wealth, Treasure, a hidden Fullness. It is inexhaustible Wellspring—ineffable—the Simple, the All, the Only, the One." And because Being is all of these, we must leave it without a "name." And what of the thinker? "Is *he* condemned to ineluctable finitude? Is it not the task of 'foundational thought' to put even this to question? Is it possible that certain

...Is it really Heidegger's final word?...

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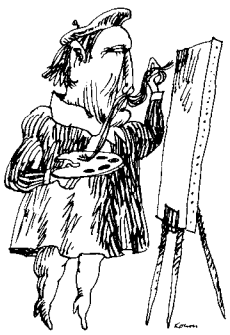
phenomena, albeit finite in themselves, nevertheless point beyond themselves—perhaps even beyond finitude? . . . Is it possible that the very restlessness of Heidegger's interrogation, his dissatisfaction with his own formulas, the dogged fidelity to 'endless' dialogue, the eager attentiveness to a noiseless voice—may not all this be a phenomenon *for itself* which perhaps points beyond any limit?" What is the living center of Heidegger, the thinker? "Is it the Great Origin that comes out of his past? Is the step-in-reverse a way of return? Is his ad-vent a coming-home?" It is with these unanswered questions that the author leaves and dismisses his reader. For to attempt answers would be to betray his "star-watching" and to gainsay Heidegger's own dictum: "*Wir sollen nichts tun sondern warten.*"

Art:

HAMLET-CLOWN, LARRY RIVERS

by Sidney Bernard



Larry Rivers has grabbed New York's daily critics, camp-following jetniks, amorphous "let's go to a museum" midcult legions. A pretty roundhouse grab, any way you figure it. At the usually staid Jewish Museum, which opened a massive retrospective of 188 paintings, drawings, sculptures and prints, the S.R.O. was on frequent display. The critical claims were most extravagant, for example, the Herald Tribune's Emily Genauer, who swelled her column with the hardly modest word that Rivers had arrived as top American artist today.

At that, Miss Genauer may be half right. If there are top and bottom among our current painters, Rivers can qualify for one, as well as for the other. He is a wildly uneven craftsman—quirky and strong in some areas, utterly raw and abrasive elsewhere. It appears he's emptied his workroom—daubs, experiments and misfires, as well as the surer, more heroic pieces—onto the wall of a large and generally selective museum. Which raises questions—for him, museum, and viewer. As the case is, the viewer can only recoil from what is worst, and hold that against what is best. Thus does Rivers go; he bear-hugs you with pleasure from one wall, he sets you back to muttering from another.

. . . he bear-hugs you with pleasure . . .

Let's take it the way the show unravels. In the main floor galleries are ten large canvases, all with pale white background, and all of which seem to chase one another in a game—bright, mostly—of pop-goes-the-paint. You feel, looking at one after the other, between blinks of the eye, that the artist is trying for more. But he settles for a kind of "fill in the titles" expressionism—painterly murmurings, in a way—that is less than you want. Typical is one called "Europe II," which displays Rivers' penchant for the vignette, the more on a canvas the merrier. Five or six hazy, pastelly figures are put together in a kind of abstract pie. The mood is playful, and yet a somber note creeps in. As with most of these, you somehow must bite into it with a wide gulp, or it will resist you. A more ambitious canvas in this group is "The Studio." Here he goes almost all-out figurative. "Studio" is an admirable work—elaborately busy, kaleidoscopic, nearly splashy and bold in its color-sureness. And yet an underlying inertia, a mood of languor, shorts the piece from being full-tilt heroic.

. . . bite into it with a wide gulp . . .

Rivers comes across stronger in "Last Civil War Veteran," "Next to Last Confederate Soldier," and "Dying and Dead Veteran." These put a pall over the small second floor gallery they are hung in—a tribute to Rivers when his aim is unflinching. As statements they are powerful threnodies. Passionate pain and suspense hang over them. By turns, the brushwork is bold and eerily quiet. De Kooning's influence is present, but Rivers is off on his own deep search here. Next to his pop side, which merely tickles you (if that), these tear at the flesh. They are in a tragic mode, as opposed to a heroic one. The heroic is best shown in the large "George Washington Crossing the Delaware." Completed in 1953 when Rivers, at 30, was soaking in two such disparate streams as Bonnard and Hans Hofmann, the Delaware canvas is perhaps his most famous. And it could be—there is no law against it—that popular taste and critical acuity merge here. The work is muralistic in scope, admirably controlled in its muted, autumnal color patterns. There is mystery, too, in its half-submerged Washington figures—on a white charger, or elsewhere, as he surfaces out of a mist to make the crossing, or in a half-dozen other vignette-like parts.

. . . Passionate pain and suspense . . .

Thus far—Rivers at his best and near-best. The schism occurs with those paintings that can be called kooky, on one level, and near sycophantic in the concessions to camp, on another. Examples of kooky are three or four chalky nudes (on the third floor), repellent in their manikin-like blandness, that hit you like some kind of circus side show. Apparently for kicks, Rivers has stenciled in anatomical direction signs, e.g., "pubes," for

. . . three or four chalky nudes . . .

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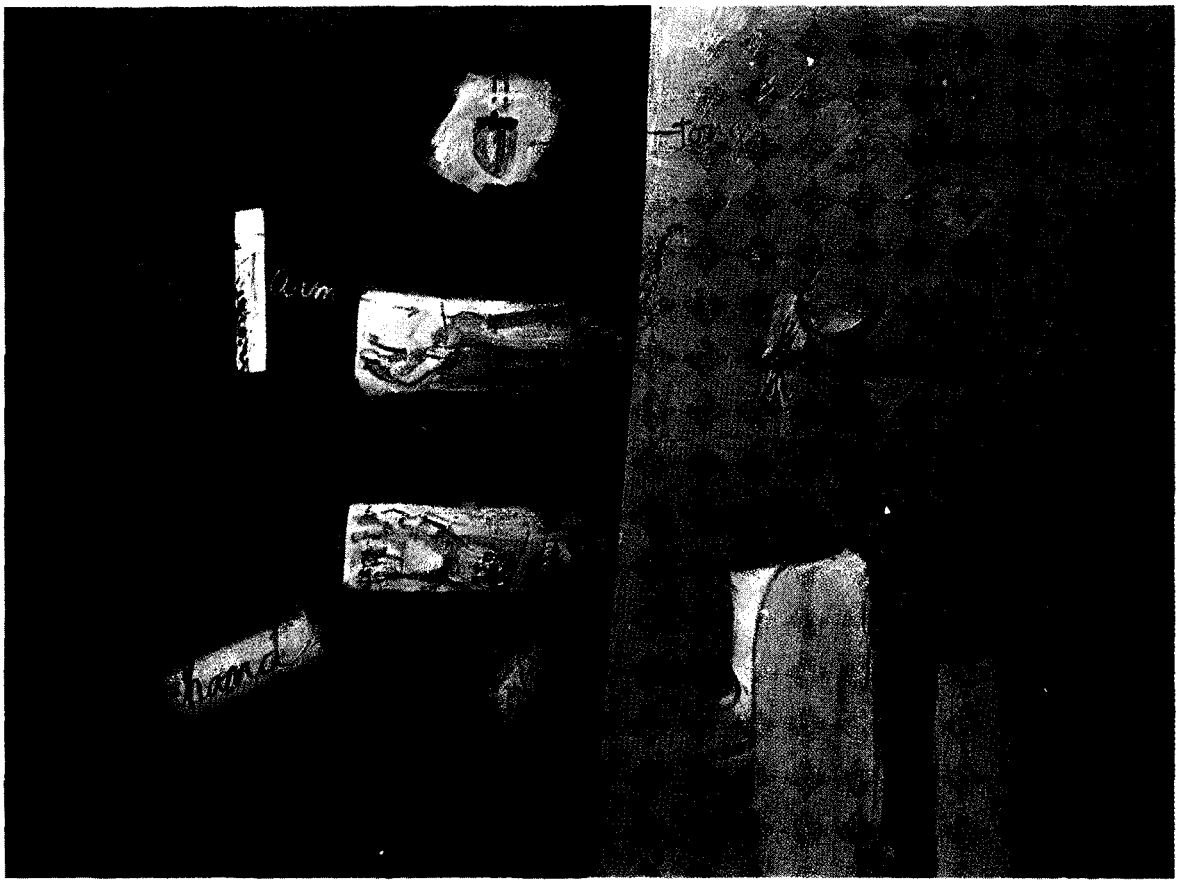

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l on canvas,
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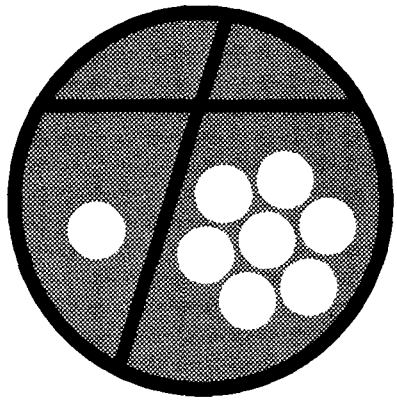

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... a bloody mélange of female torso ...

..."all in the way Rivers paints the member"...

you know where, *ginoccio*, for anothe place, *capezzolo*, etc., etc. In one of thes pieces he goes Berlitz on us, switchin his letterings to French. The gimmicl shows up in yet another place, calle "Celebrating Shakespeare's 400 Birthda (Titus Andronicus)," a bloody mélange o female torso, severed hands and ripped out tongue. And, of course, the gratuitou labeling of these parts. Supposedly, thi is Rivers' surrogate in oils for the bard' parable of terror—and it doesn't work. In deed, if all of these are put-ons, then th joke is foremost on Rivers. The humo (What else?) is tacky, the waste is obvious

Camp is as good a place to end as any– and here we come upon the one canvas, by far, that drew the S.R.O.'s sibilant "in" comments, near-shock among the midcult aficionados. The medium-size canvas, a nude of Frank O'Hara, can best be described as the artist peeling down his subject to his genitals. The stand-up pose is rather stodgy, veering to coy, in the way hands join in a kind of cupola on top of head. For a passing wink, no doubt, Rivers has put his model in unlaced ski boots. (Which makes the canvas, say, only nine-tenths a nude.) And the shock? For that, here is the word of a knowledgeable (male) museum buff: "It's all in the way Rivers paints the *member*. Male nudes must be limp, *never more*, in that spot."

Part of the problem might be: Is there an artist more Hamlet-clown-prone than Larry Rivers? He seems to echo this when he says, in a program note on his "History of the Russian Revolution," an upended leviathan that crowds a whole wall: "... [This] is the greatest painting-sculpture-mixed media of the 20 Century, or the stupidist."

Sidney Bernard is New York Editor of Literary Times. His commentaries on the New York film, theater, and art scenes have been widely published in a variety of journals.

CORRECTION:

We wish to correct two errors that appeared in Professor Bernard Fall's article, *This Isn't Munich, It's Spain* (RAMPARTS, December 1965). Msgr. Pierre Marie Théas is the Bishop of TARBES, not Bardes, as we inadvertently printed (p. 23). Former Secretary of State Dean Acheson's speech at Amherst College was in December, 1964, not 1965 (p. 29). These were typographical errors.

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Forgotten road to success in writing

One of America's highest paid free-lance authors tells of opportunities often overlooked by people who want to write

By J. D. Ratcliff

I can't understand why more beginners don't take the short road to publication — by writing articles for magazines and newspapers.

Last year over 250,000 articles were bought by general magazines alone. And that's only part* of a huge market that will pay well for pieces of almost any length on just about any subject that comes naturally to you. I've made a good living for 25 years writing articles, and I've enjoyed every minute of it.

A wonderful life

I've interviewed a dozen Nobel Prize-winners, including Sir Alexander Fleming who discovered penicillin. I've talked with heads of state, at least one king, scores of leading industrialists. In the past year, I covered stories from Bangkok to Buffalo.

It's a wonderful life. No commuter trains to catch, no office routine. Whether I'm at home, or abroad on assignment, I write from 8 a.m. to noon every day — no more, no less. My afternoons are my own.

How to pick subjects that sell

A big advantage of article writing is that you can break in with material right out of your own everyday experience. One of the first pieces I sold was about the adventures of a test pilot I knew. Another told the story of a friend of mine caught in a balloon that ran wild. Check the contents of any general magazine; chances are you'll find articles you might have written.

You can make good use of your special interests too. One of mine is science, and it's provided dozens of story ideas — from accounts of dramatic new heart operations, to a report on an astronomical observatory built out of salvaged junk. Your passion may be insurance or religion or football, raising roses or raising children. Whatever it is, you should be able to draw on it for articles that could inform and entertain thousands of readers.

Knowing *what* to write is about half the battle. The other half is knowing *how*. To produce saleable articles, you must master the tools and techniques used by all successful professional writers.

You might develop these skills on your own through sheer blood, sweat and rejection slips. But when I look back, I can't help thinking of all the time and agony I would have saved if I could have found a real "pro" to work with me.

Such help is now available to beginners everywhere through the Famous Writers School — founded by Rod Serling, Faith Baldwin, Bruce Catton, Bennett Cerf, Max Shulman, Mignon G. Eberhart, Bergen Evans, Red Smith, John Caples, Rudolf Flesch, Mark Wiseman and myself.

A new kind of writing school

We poured all our secrets of success into a set of specially created textbooks and writing assignments. Then we worked out a method for bringing to each student, in his own home, the many hours of individual instruction a developing writer needs.

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Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, our students find great intangible rewards in writing for publication. As my colleague Faith Baldwin puts it: "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

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"Jack" Ratcliff on a typical afternoon stroll through the New Jersey woods where he conceives many of the articles that prompted *Time* to name him "America's No. 1 craftsman in the field of non-fiction." Although he writes no more than four hours a day, he has had over 100 articles published in the *Reader's Digest*, and hundreds more in such magazines as *McCall's, The Saturday Evening Post* and *This Week.*

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Son of Koltanowski?

YES, as a sequel we're giving the Chess Master and World's Blindfold Champion away in this year's Paul Masson Chess Tournament, as well. For the following reason:

1) He was a roaring success. Actually, he played the *first three* winners in a Grand Prize Grand Tour that took him to Seekonk, Massachusetts, Houston, Texas, and New York; playing all comers and dispensing champagne in a chessmasterly manner.

This year Koltanowski's bounty will consist of Paul Masson California Sherry (Fine, Cocktail, Rare Dry, Pale Dry, Rare Cream, and Golden Cream), Port (Tawny, Rare Tawny, and Rich Ruby), and Vermouth (Sweet and Double Dry): slow, thoughtful drinks, ideally suited to chess play.

All entries will receive a pocket-size "International Laws of Chess" with an introduction by Koltanowski. Second through 100th prizes are of the deluxe edition, and autographed by the Master himself.

So go to it. White to play and mate in two moves.

Dear Paul Masson Chess Expert, Dept. L-5, Saratoga, Calif.,

Here is my solution for Mr. Koltanowski:_____ I'll be delighted to receive the International Laws of Chess. Also, I hope mine is among the first correct answers checked after April 1, 1966. I understand that unless my answer is postmarked before then it will be ineligible for a prize.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

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